July, 1918 Vol. XLVII. No. 5

THE BOOKMAN

A Review of Books and Life

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THE BOOKMAN

A REVIEW OF BOOKS AND LIFE

JULY, 1918

TO THE AMERICANS

BY YONE NOGUCHI

YOUR romanticism inherited from the pure proud English blood (your ancestors crossed the Atlantic more from romantic impulse than from deliberate calculation, I think) usually innocent, healthy, fostered by geographical insularity, has made you, at least in the past, the incarnation of complacency. When you have misused your optimism, the natural outgrowth of your wealthy resources in substance or spirit, sometimes you have fallen—indeed an extremely engaging and winning sort of degeneration at that—into the assumption of an air of patronage; often you are dreamers, perhaps not very deep, at the same time propagandist perhaps over self-confident. However, it is wonderful to see that you have never, under any circumstances, become a prey to selfish dissipation, as we Japanese are wont in a moment of misused optimism. And again it is wonderful to see with what a grand manner you walk in the life of contradiction you have wilfully created. The best example of your men, to select only one from the poets (what country has more poets than your America?), I see in Walt Whitman, that extraordinary personage of contradiction, that interesting mixture of dreamer and propagandist, who once sang:

> I will make the Continent indissolute,
> I will make the most splendid race the sun ever shone upon,
> I will make divine magnetic lands, with the love of comrades, with the life-long love of comrades.

Emerson, too, might be a man of Whitman's category, representing Holmes's Bostonians who believed that "the Boston State-House was the hub of the solar system."

This sort of optimism or romanticism, whether in the garb of holiday-making Topsyturvydom or in the dark robe of a theologian's dignity, is not, like that of us Japanese, merely a simple admiration of your own self and country. I would not call it a lyrical mood, for there is distinctly some epical superstition running through it. (Where is another country, so epic as yours?) I may be wrong to regard your optimism as a superstition, because in so many cases, it has grown under the stimulus of the holy light of realised fact, into a magnificent faith. Like all men of faith you, too, are im-

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pulsive. Again let me say that you are never a lyrical nation. A lyrical people like the Japanese are often irresponsible, pleased to misunderstand themselves; an impulsive nation like yours rushes sometimes into taking another's responsibility on her own shoulders, and being given even a superficial reason, will not hesitate to pay its bill and feel happy. Such an act, even though theoretically unwise, is certainly praiseworthy; its weakness is so suggestive. When we Japanese hesitate and are obliged even to act shabbily, since our wings of lyrical mood have been impeded, we cannot help attributing it to the incompleteness or poverty of situation on which we are standing. But you should be thankful for the superstition or faith of optimism that makes you strong, fearless and even foolish. Again be thankful for being able to act foolishness. When you think that you are the best nation of the world, you are assuming an attitude psychologically the same as that of a wealthy heir to whom life's pain and doubt are unknown. How I envy you that you have not been, at least till to-day, so unfortunate as to learn from bitter experience life's reality.

It was Thackeray who understood the word complacency as a master-characteristic of ignorance. When I myself use it, it is not, of course, in any fit of ill humour, but from my desire to reveal the really fortunate fact, that you have found it hardly necessary to study the geography of the rest of the world. In other words, you have found the whole universe in your own selves, although you may not be so narrow-minded to-day as Thoreau, who discovered all the phenomena of the Arctic regions only in Concord. But where are the people who travel so extensively as you? And again where are the people who return home, like you, without a knowledge of the country or countries where they have travelled? I should say that you go into other countries carrying your own library, dining room and parlour, even with a big stove for your winter use, and when you return home, you carry them back; the chief joy of travelling for you, I dare say, is to find your own America in the other country, I mean, how your civilisation is invading there. It is not only my own opinion that your unreceptive mind (of course I admire its majestic manner almost dominating its environment) will be ever a stranger to the other country's reality. You may not know, on the other hand, how the money you spend so freely—quite natural to you as a wealthy heir—is demoralising a country, for instance, like Japan, whose physical desire is only checked by her unnatural cold asceticism. I heard at Honolulu, in 1885, that an "American tip" (and some American missionaries), had corrupted the whole islands. I heard in London, in 1912, that the "American tip" (and American journalism) had also corrupted England. And I am observing here at Tokyo to-day that this "American tip" (and American chewing gums and moving pictures) is working a speedy corruption on Japanese mind.

I depend on your magnanimity in expressing this candid opinion of mine, believing that it is one of your splendid characteristics. Indeed, I myself have seen many occasions when you diffused that blessing of magnanimity with silent but digni-

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fied sense of humour. Again this sense of humour is another of your fine qualities. What a grand manner of yours is that, just like the manner of an elephant whose little eyes beam in humour mingled with sagacity. But I confess that my belief, particularly in this point, became disturbed when I heard from my friend just returned from your country that, since the present war had invited you in (allow me to use this expression), the time-honoured freedom of speech had been greatly impaired. I take it, however, as a proof of your main nature rather impulsive than deliberative.

To return to your ignorance of the geography of other countries. How we tried, I remember, at the time of the China-Japan war to point out to you the difference between Japan and China. Again we were obliged at the time of the Russia-Japan war, when in your country, to mark out our small islands from the world's map. To-day I am wondering what knowledge of Japan and the Japanese you have gained from your long contact (this long contact perhaps, as somebody remarks, was only between the governments of Washington and Tokyo), when my Japanese correspondent in your country often informs of your almost appalling ignorance of our country. The Bostonians were right in the belief that they were holding the golden hub of the world. It is nothing but a fact that it is unnecessary for you to come out into the other countries since the other countries come to you, as if ants swarming round a big lump of sugar; from Europe and Asia, and from every corner of the world, all the people ambitious and young wish to step into your rich domain. Who will blame you if you feel superior to those poorly dressed immigrants? That you have grown to be innocent optimists is certainly excusable even as a fault. What I admire is to see how lightly you carry this optimism, and with what dignity.

Perhaps you will be displeased when I say that your American civilisation is tinted with a certain provincialism; I mean it in the real and pure sense, because the true essence of provincialism protects you from the degeneration in which your individual personality would lose its royal colour. The *American Scholar* delivered by Emerson as his Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard in 1837 (perhaps a veritable Independent-Day bell for American scholarship as some critic gladly remarked) should be taken on the light of an exposition of your provincialism; again the European fame of Whitman rests on his universal idealism touched to distinction by his provincialism. The fact that Bret Harte and Henry James lived and died in England should be regarded as a sort of return compliment from your America to her mother-country. What would be left of Mark Twain if his provincialism were taken out? And I think that the true merits of Howells lie more or less in his parochial manifestation. I do not see why San Francisco should be the same as Paris, although I have often heard some people, evidently Californians, talking about them in the one same breath; surely there is no wisdom in the attempt to confound the human nature in Chicago with that of Manchester. If your valiant standard-bearers of new poetry, carelessly called the free-verse writers, go beyond their endorsement of the new

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European movement with their enthusiastic provincialism, it means that they are acting blasphemy against their precious birth-right. I believe that the future of your American literature is vast, because, let me say perhaps at the risk of your displeasure, dilettantism there reigns in its real meaning; I should like to know where is a more sad literature than that written by the so-called professional writers? It is a general rule that the real life of authors declines with the passing-away of dilettantism into sad professionalism. Not only in literature, but in every phase of life, your greatness hangs on that one word. It is plain enough to see how your dilettantism works a divine deliverance for the international politics of the world.

I read somewhere as Münsterberg's words that the American education is given into the untrained rough hands of the lowest bidder. It is true that your women even with their brains much injured or weakened by magazine-reading and candy-eating, control the larger part of your educational field, perhaps driving the men away like Bret Harte's heathen Chinese with their cheap labour; still I believe that your educational condition is ten-times better than that of Japan where only tired, spiritless men (the strong-bodied, strong-souled young Japanese, in truth, cultivate their own lives somewhere else) are used to find their safe shelters. For some time past the teachers of Japanese schools, high or low, have been turning to mere phonographs of foreign languages, diffusing other people's ideas, but never their own, of course, naturally enough, for minds wholly subjugated by Western civilisation. Sorry to say I am also one of these sad specimen. There are, I believe, many faults in your educational system with those half-paid women, one of which would be certainly that it encourages the feminine sort of civilisation (indeed America's is a civilisation feminine and in some sense the highest) and instils the religion of woman-worship, into a tender brain; however, I am not blind to the fact that it was, in a great measure, the very work of American women, generally speaking, that successfully checked the vulgarisation of the country in the hands of men with only monetary aspiration, almost without time for reflection and culture.

I should like to know where is a country where some sort of woman-worship is not practised. The Englishmen worship their women as they do liberty, which some critic calls lockjaw. The Germans worship the women with the cold estimation they have for kitchen utensils which, like German patriotism, are not a luxury but a necessity for existence. And the Frenchmen and Japanese worship the women with a lyrical mood so that to pretend to be brutes to them would be a sign of their courtesy. But none of them, as it seems to me, worship their women with a faith of religion like yourselves; it is interesting to study how this religion, the "Woman-worship," was first inaugurated in America, and how as a useful practice it was respected there. But to-day, as a religion, it has lost its original meaning of existence, sadly degenerating into nothing more than mere habit, perhaps like drinking or smoking or even opium-smoking, from which you will never succeed to keep yourself away. It is really sometimes a pretty habit, this woman-worship,

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even when it has none of its former religious dignity, but as with any habit, you will soon become or have already become, dull, senseless and numbed from long contact with it. Perhaps you may not see anything wrong or faulty about it, when, as in truth, this women-worship as a habit or as a religion if you like, is publicly endorsed and greatly encouraged by your journalism, yellow or white or whatever it be. (Where is a country where the papers have such an influence as in yours?) To judge from the face of the papers, your New York is decidedly a great woman-worshipper. Your Chicago is never below New York in this religion. And San Francisco, too, burns incense before its sacred altar; there is, I think, some psychological reason for her becoming a far fiercer woman-worshipper perhaps than any other Eastern city. Of course I am not in the position to advise you to examine your women through the naked eyes of reality, or to put your religion upon a high shelf only to admire it as a precious relic of olden time. But here is your idealism, ignorant of life's pain, innocent and simple, which will surely object to leaving the woman-worship behind. Besides, without it, your female civilisation is soulless, a mere empty shrine from which the golden idol has been stolen. But I am wondering at the present wonderful time when you have stepped into the war (again from your romantic impulse rather than from deliberate calculation) what actual effect this step will have on yourself. Will your civilisation become man-like? If so, it will do you good certainly. The careless extravagant mind of your female civilisation is bound to grow sober, grave and thoughtful, when the war puts its hand at once on the rearrangement of your own strength. Will your optimism ever become solemn? If so, again it will do you good doubtless. This is the time when you should take off your optimism's powder and paint and become real to steer a wise course amid the grave, confused moral questions. Shortly, this is the time when your optimism needs to be aroused to consciousness of itself. You have to learn the real proposition from the other world.

There was a time in America, for instance, in the early days when you had to struggle against the ever-combative nature and Indians; to be optimistic or even to pretend to be so at such a time, was surely considered a part most courageous, and the play of optimism was the best and most sensible self-protection from moral degeneration. But if I say that your real trouble lies in nothing but your optimism, as I said before, nourished and encouraged by the wealthy resources of your country (and, backed by your hasty belief in humanity and also by your newspapers), I mean that it is a menace, from the reason of its being superficial and slight, to the real development of morality. Indeed, it has acted always, I should say, to weaken your sense of life's conscience and force; I am sure that only when optimism stands on life's inevitable realism, its true value will be revealed. The present war is a great test for your optimism. Will it awaken you to a consciousness of your real selves?

Let me say again that your American civilisation is feminine, although I do not mean that it is weak or epicurean. From the reason that your country is floating comfortably on

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the ocean all by itself, as if a well-fed real or lazy iceberg, though you are not, like Japan, situated at the end of the world, this side of nowhere, your civilisation has had but little to do with the world's development till recently. At the outset of the present article, I spoke on your romanticism, well harmonising with your feminine civilisation; as long as your impulsive nature of passion is kept compact, it is natural for you to be unreal and unscientific. I am sure that this definition in calling you unscientific may be criticised and even denied by one who pleases to understand you through the physical phenomena which are on the main your men's creation. But it is my own opinion that your material advancement, probably with little mutual understanding, lives with your spiritually feminine civilisation (highest but weak, till it is tested by diversity and misfortune) under the one same roof, and that makes you a thing of contradiction or incongruity. I do not know any other country where material wealth looks so wonderful and even mysterious when those different two things are mingled together by its powerful breath. Indeed, the most amazing thing with you is that your contradiction, in nine cases out of ten, looks quite natural and even comfortable. But to say that your spiritual civilisation and material advancement do not well harmonise, means after all that between your men and women there is very little understanding. For this matter of understanding between men and women, England, for instance, is far more fortunate. The fact that you have more divorce cases and many more unmarried men and women than any other country would attest the truth of my assertion in some measure. I will not be far from the truth if I say that the eyes of your men and women are turned on entirely opposite directions; but if they reach the same place as they do reach strangely and surely, that will be nothing but nervous debility.

Your women grow to suffer from it, because their impulsive lives of passion are never fulfilled; and your men will get it as the result of their endless work, always illogical, often absurd, from which as from an octopus, you cannot make yourselves free. Their love of work so conclusive and almost terrible, is a sure sign of their being victims of chronic disease; if they suddenly stop working, they will perhaps find themselves hopelessly crippled and useless for the rest of their lives, like an opium smoker who has suddenly stopped smoking. You will see why I say that the working habit of your men is one of your greatest national problems; in truth, it is a great social problem of your country in the same sense that the lazy life of your women is certainly a menace to the sound health of your country. But your men and women, I dare say, fail to understand what is the real meaning of life; this being the case, there is no time so critical and important for them as to-day.

I have often heard and still am hearing that your wealthy daughters were under the allurement or decoy of European lords or marquises. But the trouble is that the good-hearted mothers of these daughters are always fallen into such a profound admiration of those aristocrats of Europe who possess nothing but rosy delicate figures or beautifully trimmed moustache. Before those mothers your newspapers are

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of course mighty eulogists of them. Besides, I think that your fair daughters are far too civilised and, of course, too educated for your own men. Who patronises the art of your country? Your women. Who support your stages? Your women. And who control your literature? Your women. I used to hear, fifteen or twenty years ago, that your women could not keep away from Omar of Persia and chicken salads. They might be to-day cringing round Tagore of India and Chinese vases of jade. So long as things look and sound exotic and mysterious, your women are content with them.

Let me say again that your men are in the same sense hardly equal to your women spiritually. Your men whose culture is sometimes doubtful, are not conversationalists, though they might become monologists or preachers. As I said, they are not conversationalists in the true meaning; and that is the reason why they fail to become successful lovers in women's eyes. If they fail, as they do in fact, I think and say that it is the fault of their environment and education.

I hope that you will excuse me if I have spoken too honestly and truthfully. If I have not dwelt much on your strong points, it is from my belief that it was unnecessary to speak about them to you whose future is so vast and meaningful.

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MY FRIENDSHIP WITH GEORGE MOORE, THREE THOUSAND MILES AWAY

BY THE MARQUISE CLARA LANZA

In the late spring of 1888, happening to be in Brentano's, then in Union Square, idly turning over the pages of some periodicals displayed on one of the counters, I was approached by Mr. August Brentano, who handed me a book tastefully bound in olive green and bearing the imprint of a London publisher, with the request that I examine it and advise him as to the desirability of issuing an American edition of the same. I glanced at the title—*Confessions of a Young Man*, by George Moore. Who, I wondered, was George Moore? I had never heard of him. But the word "Confessions" opened up a vista of alluring possibilities, so I willingly enough took the volume home. The first chapter—I had almost written the first paragraph—chained my attention and caught my imagination, and as I read on each succeeding chapter exerted upon me a deeper fascination. Nothing I had read in years had impressed me with so compelling a charm as this chronicle by a totally —to me at least—unknown writer. The fine literary quality of the work, its attractive glimpses of artistic and bohemian Paris, its curious outlook on life, and above all, its amazing candour, delighted me to such an extent that I lost no time in hurrying back to Union Square to beg Mr. Brentano by all means to bring out the contemplated American edition. At that time the International Copyright Law existed solely in the subconscious minds of a few long-suffering authors and publishers. English and Americans alike stole from one another with an unblushing temerity that would have brought joy to the heart of Captain Kidd himself, but much to my satisfaction and, I must confess, somewhat to my astonishment, Mr. Brentano signified his complete willingness to "do the proper thing" by purchasing the unbound sheets of the *Confessions* from Sonnenschein, the London publisher, and paying Mr. Moore the usual royalty. It was after these preliminaries had been agreed upon that I wrote to the author, informing him of what I had done. This brief letter, which crossed the Atlantic just thirty years ago, was promptly and appreciatively acknowledged and resulted in a correspondence that extended over a period of several years. Despite the fact of our being separated by three thousand miles of water I got to know George Moore as well as if we had long been intimate associates, accustomed to dine and sup together, or chat over the teacups for ages. He seemed to be genuinely touched by my recommendation of his book and before it was published in America asked me to go over the proofs and correct a number of errors that had crept into the text. The French quotations and phrases were notably bungled and I straightened them out also. But no sooner had the *Confessions* been given to the American public than trouble began. Mr. Moore, who never does anything by halves, fell out with Brentano over some

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point in their business agreement, and after a stormy interview had occurred between the two men in Paris, George thought it expedient to air his grievances in print. A long letter, bristling with rage and sarcasm, was published in the *Athenæum*, and an equally long and bitter tirade, that he spent a whole day in writing, was dispatched to me with instructions to see that it was printed at once in the New York *Herald*, or, failing this, any other journal of prominence. If I remember correctly, the *Herald* published it, with a portrait of the irate author at the top of the page to lend colour and force to his argument. The merry war grew fast and furious, and to make matters worse, Moore's recent novel, *Spring Days*, was being roundly abused by the English critics so that his cup of woe overflowed. "The reviewers say *Spring Days* is the worst book I have ever written," he remarks gloomily, "and one well-known critic says it is the worst novel he ever read. I am a great admirer of Jane Austen and I said to myself that I would recreate her method in *Spring Days*. Apparently I have failed and failed horribly. I am terribly upset. But," he concludes with an attempt at airy philosophy, "life was made for emotions."

Nothing daunted, he was then at work on a new romance that he intended to call *Don Juan*. The title was afterward changed to *Mike Fletcher* and, as was usual with him, he was extremely optimistic about this book both as to subject and treatment. "If I ever write a truly great novel," he observes complacently, "it will be *Mike Fletcher*. Ward and Downey tell me it is very fine, and the friends who have seen fragments of it say so too. I have done my best, inspired by the desire to leave one really good book, one great romance, quite first-rate."

Fortunately, so far as I was concerned, the publication of *Mike Fletcher* in America had been arranged for by Ward and Downey, the Belford, Clark Company having agreed to bring it out. But just as the novel was on the eve of appearing, the Belford, Clark Company went to pieces with an appalling and totally unexpected crash, and *Mike Fletcher* went with it. Frenzied letters and cablegrams followed swiftly upon this dire catastrophe. What was to be done? Another publisher must be found and that quickly. I was his friend, the only person under heaven he could trust. Would I undertake to launch *Mike Fletcher* on the sea of literature and earn the author's undying gratitude? I replied that I would be only too happy to do what I could, so armed with a set of proofs I made a tour of the best publishing houses only to be met with polite but decided refusals. Nobody wanted *Mike Fletcher*, no one would so much as consider it. I read the book myself and found it insufferably dull. So far as I could determine it had not a single redeeming point, and I was almost in despair of ever finding a publisher willing to bring it out on any terms when I stumbled across a ponderous Greek gentleman, with an impossible name, who conducted what he was pleased to call the Minerva Publishing Company in West Twenty-third Street just off of Fifth Avenue. I prevailed upon him to read the advance sheets. For a while he hesitated, but he had heard of the *Confessions* and although he professed not to like *Mike Fletcher*, he eventually consented to issue the book in a cheap edition, with a guar-

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anteed sale of a certain number of copies. I felt as if I ought to pat myself on the back, and George wrote again and again thanking me. He would never forget my kindness and all the trouble I had taken. He would be grateful as long as he lived, and so forth. In due course *Mike Fletcher* was published—a veritable horror as to paper and printing, and in a cover so hideous that the book was calculated to strike terror to the soul of the most hardened critic that ever drew breath. As might have been anticipated it fell absolutely flat. Either it was utterly ignored by the press, or else awarded a few lines of scathing comment. I have not preserved a copy and after the lapse of so many years cannot now recollect what the story was about. Nor have I ever met a solitary human being who had read, or even heard of it, with the exception of the late Professor Harry Thurston Peck, who not only did read *Mike Fletcher*, but discovered something in it that so tickled his fancy that he mentioned the fact in one of his essays. Unless my memory plays me false, it was the description of Mike himself standing stark naked in a bath tub that was responsible for Professor Peck's outburst of admiring applause. He considered that an exceedingly neat bit of realistic writing, and perhaps it was. I hope Mr. Moore saw this tribute to his genius, for I lacked the courage to send him any of the notices that came my way.

It goes without saying that the Greek publisher regarded himself as having been outrageously duped. He loudly asserted that being out of pocket for a large amount the idea of paying the author of *Mike Fletcher* any royalty was supremely ridiculous. On the strength of Mr. Moore's reputation he had guaranteed the sale of so many copies, but according to his statement, which no doubt was perfectly truthful, he had sold nothing.

People didn't want *Mike Fletcher*. They declined to be interested in it at all. In addition he insinuated that I was actually to blame for all his misery, having hypnotised him into publishing what he knew beforehand was doomed to failure, as anybody with half an eye could have seen. George, meanwhile, kept up a steady fire of demand, insisting upon his rights. I was at my wits' end, between the devil and the deep sea, a helpless go-between, trying to pacify on the one side and persuade on the other. I recall a particular occasion when my entire household was rudely awakened at three in the morning by a violent ringing of the door bell. It was a cable from George—"Where are my royalties, send draft immediately." Once more I bearded the Greek in his den, but he was obdurate. Royalties indeed! Not he. Had not he already sunk a cool thousand or so on that atrocious novel? He reminded me loftily that he was engaged in the publishing business and not conducting a charity organisation. I soothed him as best I could, and while condoning his financial losses—although in point of fact the entire cost of the book, disgracefully gotten up as it was, could not have been more than a couple of hundred dollars—called his attention to the contract he had voluntarily signed. Protestations and discussions ensued, but eventually I won out. With tearful expostulations and calling upon Providence to witness that he was being shamefully robbed, I managed to procure from the Greek a cheque for

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fifty dollars which, with a sigh of relief, I at once forwarded to London. A few weeks later the Minerva Publishing Company vanished from the face of the earth and that was the end of *Mike Fletcher*.

The astonishing collapse of his masterpiece, treading so closely upon the heels of that other fiasco, *Spring Days*, was a paralysing blow to Moore, plunging him for a period into the blackest despair. His every hope had been focussed upon this book which was to bring him fame and fortune and the outcome had been merely a puff of smoke and mortified vanity. "I thought it far and away my best work," he says sadly. "I forged every chapter like a sword, every sentence like a knife. My friends assured me it was head and shoulders above *A Mummer's Wife* or the *Confessions*. But," he concludes, with unconscious egotism, "I do not believe it is as bad as they say. It cannot be. It is impossible that a man who writes so perfectly as myself should be the author of three hundred pages of twaddle. Agreed that *Mike Fletcher* is inferior to *A Mummer's Wife*, it does not thereby follow that it is a bad book. You have seen my article on Buchanan." (This refers to a terrible battle of words between the two men of letters.) "Who else could have written it? Frank Harris said it ran Swift pretty close. Well, is it possible that a man who writes as I have done, and am still writing, could turn out a book that is bad from end to end? No, it is not possible. All the same, I am in dreadful distress."

In the next letter I received his opinion was somewhat modified. "I realise now," he admits, "that *Mike Fletcher* is not good. I wish I had known how bad it was and I would not have published it. My articles in the *Fortnightly* attract attention and are much better than what I used to do along that line, but my fiction is poor, not up to the mark. I am filled with depression. . . . My next novel will be more human. I shall bathe myself in the simplest and most naïve emotions, the daily bread of humanity."

In the early stages of our correspondence I had given him a novel of mine which he liked so much that he instantly decided to dramatise it. But as he candidly confessed his inability to write a play unaided he suggested that we collaborate. His idea was to write a synopsis of each act—there were to be four or five—forward them to me in succession for such revision and alteration as I deemed necessary, and that I should then return them to him for final polishing. The dialogue was to be written entirely by me. I thought the scheme a good one and we started out swimmingly enough. Two acts were completed but in the meantime the dramatic microbe had so thoroughly infested his blood that he began to write a play on his own account, with the assistance of Arthur Kennedy. This drama was called *The Strike at Arlingford* and, of course, George was most enthusiastic over it. "It is a great play. I am satisfied, quite satisfied," he tells me, "but of course Kennedy has helped me a lot. Had it not been for him I could never have done it, for while I can describe a scene in a novel, I cannot write a scene in dialogue. A scene in a novel is like a painting. To write a scene in a play is like drawing an outline with a lead pencil and this I cannot do."

So engrossed, however, did he become with *The Strike at Arlingford*

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that his interest in our joint production gradually waned and by and by flickered out entirely. The work never got beyond the second act. It died a natural death from inanition. But *The Strike at Arlingford* was finished and offered to several actors, all of whom refused it. I recall George's indignation because Beerbohm Tree kept the manuscript for weeks without passing judgment upon it. "What can he be doing with it," fumes the anxious playwright. "For of course he would read it at once out of curiosity if for no other reason." In the end, Tree declined the play and it was sent to somebody else after it had been pruned and reduced from five acts to three. I cannot recollect whether it was ever produced or not, but I do recall that George swore he would never attempt another play, and that he generously presented me with a beautifully typewritten copy of *The Strike at Arlingford* which I still have tucked away somewhere in a closet.

Notwithstanding all this vexation and labour he was hard at work on his new novel *Esther Waters*, and found time besides to contribute essays to the *Fortnightly*. Little by little he was building up a reputation as a literary artist of distinction, and presently a volume of his collected critical studies was published under the title of *Impressions and Opinions*. This book made an instantaneous hit. "It is wonderfully successful," he confides to me rapturously "and I am receiving many offers to write. It is being said that I am a much better essayist than novelist. Well, I shall disabuse them of that idea soon. There is more in me than they think. People vilify me and say I have no talent. Let them wait and see. The *Athanæum* has given me the front page and five columns. My book has been praised more than any other book I have ever seen reviewed." As it is always pleasant to find one's friends charmed with themselves and their achievements, I made haste to proffer my warmest congratulations.

As time progressed, however, our correspondence grew more infrequent. Mr. Moore now being fully capable of walking on his own literary legs had no further use for such a crutch as I could provide. But he sent me a presentation copy of *Esther Waters*, the American copyright of which was unfortunately unobtainable owing to the fact that the book was refused by three of the leading New York publishers. "After that," he writes, "I lost heart and published the book here, forfeiting all my rights." His volume of short stories *Celibates* I also received, then I heard nothing more from him until after *The Lake* was published.

This story, which is the history of a renegade Catholic priest, impressed me forcibly, particularly as, since my correspondence with Mr. Moore had been broken off, I had become a convert to the Catholic Faith, and it seemed to me that several episodes and expressions in the book, excellent as it was from the purely artistic side, were inconsequent and illogical. I therefore wrote to tell him frankly just what I admired in *The Lake*, and what I found therein to criticise adversely, explaining that as I was now a Catholic I would naturally consider the novel from a Catholic standpoint. Then the storm broke. A furiously angry letter came from Dublin where George was at that time living. He ignored my remarks concerning *The Lake*, making no ref-

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erence whatever to them, but the vials of his wrath were poured out in full measure in regard to my conversion. "That you should have gone over to Rome, entered that home for lost dogs, the Catholic Church," he thunders, "distresses and astounds me beyond words. The intellect of the world has dropped away from Catholicism, the Church is dead. Since the Reformation, Catholics have not produced a single book. How can you take any interest in a stupid religion that so degrades the human mind? It is dreadful to think of you as a Catholic. It is unworthy of you. For shame, for shame!" And so on for several pages.

Now, Mr. Moore himself was born and educated a Catholic and several of his books show him to be still not only influenced to a marked degree by his early training, but positively obsessed by the spirit of the faith he now insults and repudiates. This calls for no comment inasmuch as it speaks for itself, and he who runs may read.

I fancy he must have regretted his violent rebuke to me, for after a considerable interval a communication couched in more temperate terms reached me. "I wrote you a cross letter, partly because, entirely because, I did not like the news that you had become a Roman Catholic. And I refused to answer a question you put to me regarding *The Lake*. I have told Mr. ——— to send you *Memoirs of My Dead Life* (*you* might have come into them). You will find your question answered in the long preface."

In a few days the book came to hand, and turning to the preface on page twenty-four I read as follows: "A letter arrived from Washington a few months ago. The writer was a lady who used to write to me on all subjects under the sun. Some years ago we had ceased to write to each other, but she had broken a long silence, for she had been reading *The Lake* and had been much interested in the book. It would have been impolite to write me without alluding to the æsthetic pleasure the book had given her, but her interest was mainly a religious one. About five years ago she had become a Roman Catholic." (There ensues my criticism of *The Lake*, which being absolutely misquoted and distorted, attributing to me things I never said or even dreamed of saying, I refrain from repeating.) "I remember," he continues, having relieved his mind concerning my impertinence at having dared to disapprove of anything he wrote, "the irritation her letter caused me—my book was there for her to interpret or misinterpret, as she pleased; added to which her 'conversion' to Rome was an annoying piece of news. Fifteen years ago she was an intelligent and a beautiful woman, if photographs do not lie, and it was disagreeable for me to think of her going down on her knees in a confessional, receiving the sacraments, wearing scapulars, trying to persuade herself she believed in the Pope's indulgences. She must now be middle-aged, but the decay of physical beauty is not so sad a spectacle as the mind's declension. 'She began to think,' I said, 'of another world when she found herself unable to enjoy this one any longer; weariness of this world produces what the theologians call faith.'"

And here this story ends. For thirty years Mr. Moore has been threatening to come to America to

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lecture. Perhaps one of these days he may actually do so. He is now rich and famous. He has long since "arrived," as the French say, and it may be that he and I may yet stand face to face.

THE LIVING PAN

BY NANCY BARR MAVITY

Forgotten and lost are the ancient gods whose wrath in the thunder spoke,
And the gods too fair, too young, who dream in incense sweet and deep;
And quiet at last the cry of the god whose human heart we broke.
For mute are the gods that mightily lived; they have fallen back asleep,
Lulled by the chanting of drowsy creeds, asleep in the distant sky,—
While over their desolate temple sites, carts heavy and slow creak by.

I left their laboured litanies for banners green in the wind!
Pan is not dead! Pan is not dead! I saw him yesterday.
For the ferns still worship in Arcady wherever grey roots are twined,
And the leaves are floating before his feet as he passes his temple way.
The gods men bowed to, slumber on, while souls are born and die;
But never has Pan lacked worshippers under the star-sweet sky.

For gods are made by worship; and the worship of all has died
In the flame of a crimson battle-faith or the silence of the sun.
But where I lay in Arcady the altar steps were wide,
And quiet things and scampering things brought souls to the Living One.
My woodsmoke drifted incense-high, my altar fire shone red;
And out of the wind and dust and leaves He cried: "Pan is not dead!"

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INNESS AND WINSLOW HOMER

BY CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

IT HAD always seemed a curious thing to me that a man who had gathered together the finest and most influential collection of American pictures we have so far had should be able utterly to relinquish an active interest in pictures; and one day in a conversation with that quite extraordinary collector, Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, I mentioned the matter, telling him of my wonder at the fact that he had not bought American art since the dispersal of his famous collection in 1899. "In my collection," he replied, "there was a God (*meaning* George Inness) and a Giant (meaning Winslow Homer). They stood alone. When they went out of my life there was no one to take their place." Thus spoke a unique appraiser. The estimate is accurate, comprehensive, final.

Curiously enough, of the two, the lesser man has gained the weightier reputation. With the notable exception of the conspicuous and no doubt helpful indorsement of Inness accorded him by the Frenchman, Benjamin Constant, and published in the *New York Times*, 1895, we do not find his art appreciated abroad to an extent commensurate with its illimitable significance. Arnold Bennett, to choose at random, coming upon the exhibition of Innesses in the possession of the Art Institute, Chicago, indorsed the kind and degree of civic spirit they bore witness to—"but," he somewhat gratuitously observes, "they did not strike me as being very good pictures." Bloomers, the Dutch painter, spoke slightingly of Inness. Urged to closer definitions, he said: "He is very imitative. We feel the Barbizon influence throughout all his work. To me, he is less original than your quite remarkable painter, Murphy." Which latter opinion I merely record for the manifest oddity of it. Winslow Homer, on the other hand, is almost an international figure. Foreign critics, coming to this country, speak favourably of him. Intruding the exasperating and monstrous fallacy of nationalism in art, they tell us this painter is our greatest painter. They say: "He is individual—and racial." They will very likely add: "He is the one representative painter America has produced." And so on. I said to one of these gentlemen once: "I fear I am hopelessly at odds with you. The matter of nationalism in art is, for me, the red rag to the bull. I contend that there is no such thing. But aside from this, let me put one question to you: If you place a premium upon nationalism in art, why do you emphasise Homer and ignore Inness?" With a gesture of superb and delicate aloofness he waived the name away: "Small," he said, "negligible." "Pardon me," I ventured, "may I ask what Innesses you have seen?" "Well, I have not seen very many," he answered. And then he proceeded to tell me the ones he had seen. It was just as I had suspected. He had seen no Inness of even a second class quality; he was absolutely

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ignorant of the essential Inness; and in justice to him I must record the extraordinary fact that he eventually admitted the possibility of his having been in error.

But he is one in a thousand. Ignorance is not often so graciously susceptible to suggestion. In reviewing the art activities of this country for, let us say, the last quarter of a century, we have witnessed, as I have repeatedly pointed out, the unprecedented and incongruous spectacle of a native art, competent always, superb often, supreme in certain isolated instances, consistently ignored by casual criticism and editorial consideration. For an actual fact, the majority of persons writing on art in this country are, if not alien in birth, alien absolutely in education and in point of view. The editor of the foremost art magazine published in this country is a foreigner. A foreigner, quite out of sympathy with our native genius, was recently secured as curator for one of our important art institutions. The motives of these people are, no doubt, unimpeachable, but, in the very nature of the case, they cannot react to the essential gist of things with a satisfying degree of accuracy of perception and of estimate. Today, even, in our own country, and nearly a quarter of a century after the death of Inness, our "radicals" are calmly telling us there is no such thing as an American painting. As I look through the occasional article that appears on the subject of painting, I am impressed by the fact that everything is recorded except the only things that really possess an intrinsic significance. I am gratified by exquisite subtleties of sophisticated obfuscation, but concrete facts are ignored. For example, one of the most consequential of our publications will offer us a consideration of the mechanical art of Degas or the delicate artificialities of the American, Davies, but I look in vain for a recording of the fact that Inness's *Wood Gatherers* brought thirty thousand eight hundred dollars in the Hearn sale (to say nothing of the fact that three American landscape painters, Wyant, Blakelock and Murphy, sold at prices ranging from fifteen to twenty-one thousand dollars as against the eight thousand two hundred dollars paid for Daubigny's *On the Oise*). If the art of Inness is scarcely apprehended by his own countrymen, we cannot expect foreigners, who have not glimpsed its authentic manifestations, to appraise it accurately. The fact of the matter is that the public has not seen the full measure of Inness's greatness. The productivity of Inness was notoriously copious, and, as a result, the market is literally flooded with pictures that are not only bad as Innesses, but are bad any way you look at them—hopelessly, miserably bad. The Inness that will some day lift this country off its feet is the Inness represented, let us say, in those magical revelations in the possession of Mr. James W. Ellsworth. It is here that Inness commands supreme recognition. Elsewhere, in pictures feebly unfinished, unsatisfyingly experimental, he compares unfavourably with those sturdy, rugged affirmations common to the art of Winslow Homer. A painting of Homer's asserts itself, draws attention to itself, if for no other reason than the novelty of its subject. Homer's impact is decisive, and his influence has been felt rather more as a sheer external salience than as

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an inner ferventness of appeal, a spiritual radiation.

Why are these two painters the two greatest painters this country has produced?—greater, for instance, than Martin or Blakelock, Wyant or Murphy? Obviously, because their work is comprehensive to a degree over and beyond the work of their contemporaries and their successors. Contrary to the beliefs held and proclaimed in some quarters, we cannot discount the matter of bulk and weight and quantity and all-inclusiveness in our comparative estimates of art. No doubt the highly specialised talent achieves an acuteness of appeal sharper and more precious than that possessed by all but the very greatest. (De Pachmann's piano playing, for instance, Debussy's music, Verlaine's or Dowson's verse, a nocturne of Whistler's); but for the gain of this so intense, so penetrative appeal, it loses in that bigness of outlook, that cosmical visioning, that grandeur of proportion so compellingly the prerogative of the supreme sovereigns of human expression. Inness and Homer are what they are for the reason that the one saw, and the other both saw and felt, tremendously. To them the universe presented itself as a vast rhythmic coordination, a scheme miraculously devised out of mystic conformities and complementaries. Their art is great art because in its representative instances it transcends a merely local and topical significance. Ceasing to concern itself with the petty idiosyncrasy of transient phenomena, it is unpremeditatedly led into an isolated wonder at the inscrutable pith and gist of the eternal meaning. Both men reacted grandly and vigorously to the large, soul-quickening sweep of world forces, the tussle of great gales, the lunge of pitiless, prodigious seas; and reacting greatly to fundamental manifestations, both men achieved great art. Their import is weightier than that of any other American painter; nay! weightier even than that of any painter of their kind and of their time.

It is not altogether true that great art is self-explanatory. There is great art in the world that has never been and may never be a part of the common comprehension. (The third act of *Tristan*, for example.) But, as a general rule, great art, in the course of time, reveals itself. It does more than this: it justifies itself. Subject it to the stress and duress of mortal vicissitude, of human agony, and it will not fail the most crucial juxtaposition. We shall feel that it is something more than a mere indulgence of transient egoisms, a petty avoidance of man's normal obligations, a half corrupt excrescence grown out of illegitimate felicities. We shall feel this because in this art we shall find the apotheosis of man's deepest and most ineradicable needs. Of such weighty meaning as this, of such stark, eternal verity is an art, for example, such as Beethoven's in music, Shakespeare's in literature, Inness's, at his greatest, in painting.

I trust I need hardly say that I am not for a moment comparing the relative degree of potency of appeal and profundity of significance inherent in these three masters of human expression. The art of painting—however we revere it and however exquisite our reactions to it may be—does not and cannot parallel the heights of eloquence and of emotional articulation peculiarly the

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characteristic of the art of music. Nor can we believe that it possesses the indispensable integrity, the vital, propulsive, compelling energy of the written word. The five sonnets of Rupert Brooke (to utilise a somewhat banal instance) have probably quickened into sharper fecundity, have probably stimulated to higher functioning, the latent nobilities and motivating raptures of mankind to a degree beyond the cumulative influence of all the pictures taken together that the world has ever produced. We can hardly conceive of Rubens's *The Descent from the Cross* or Turner's *Téméraire* leading a forlorn hope, but it is not difficult to conceive of an ultimate catastrophe met to the murmuring of:

Honour has come back, as a King, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.

Compared to expression such as this, compared, let us say, to the austere anguish of the *Eroica*, painting seems a poor and profitless means of communication.

Curiously enough, the practitioners of the art of painting have, with a few exceptions, sought to stultify and to invalidate their art through the proclamation and practice of the preposterous fallacy known as art for art's sake. This absurd and sophistical doctrine contends that art is a thing sheerly independent of the accumulated predispositions of vision, emotional reaction, and so on inherent in the human organism. An idea more fabulously asinine has never been promulgated. Which is not to say that art should be confounded with archæology, nationalism, statistics or ethics. In defending the inviolability of art's various prerogatives and manifestations, critics even of an unimpeachable integrity have seldom penetrated to the essential gist of the matter. Hear Arthur Symons, for example, a fragile, sensitive, perhaps somewhat too precious worshipper of beautiful things: "Great critics like Ruskin and great artists like Watts have done infinite harm by taking the side of the sentimentalists, by attaching moral values to lines and colours, by allowing themselves to confirm the public in some of its worst confusions of mind." Moral values? no! a thousand times no!: but emotional values?—ah! there's the rub. How about emotional values? What degree of emotional value do we find in a ballet girl drawn by Degas or in one of his women stepping out of a bath tub? What degree of emotional value do we find in the two Manets up at the Metropolitan—the *Boy with a Sword*, and the *Woman with a Parrot?* Simpering idiots both of them! What degree of emotional value do we find in the whole mass of French impressionism, taken collectively or individually? A landscape of Monet's? A nude of Renoir's? Critics of painting will dismiss this point of view as incompetent, irrelevant, and so on. They tell us that art is a sheer abstraction, that its essential function is to shape itself into patterns sheerly and beautifully decorative. Our friends are half-ways right and half-ways wrong. Their thinking is only skin deep. For example, one of the most specious and ornate of contemporary art critics attempts to demonstrate the claim that painting is not dependent upon an imitation of natural objects by sententiously observing that music is not dependent upon an imitation of natural sounds. Pater, even, fell into treacheries of

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superficial thinking when he emphasised the abstract perfection of the substance of music. True, music does not depend for the potency of its appeal upon an imitation of natural sounds. But what our friends do not see is the fact that music is actuated by and is predominantly concerned with the expression of varying degrees and kind of human emotion; and it is in its pre-eminent capacity as a medium for the proclamation of ultimate instances, of crucial and exquisite hurts and regrets and desires, that music touches its incomparable altitudes of appeal. The appeal of music is as literal almost, as concrete almost, as the appeal of propaganda. The emotion we derive from it is not derived from the quality and impact of the music as sheer sound, it is derived from the degree of adroitness with which this sheer sound conveys a meaning to us essentially literary in its implications. All theorising to the contrary, the great moments in music are the expressions of the few great, stark, pre-eminent emotions common to humanity. Take a piece of purely decorative and picturesque music such as, for instance, Debussy's enchanting *Rondes de Printemps*. Here is one of the most beautiful and fantastic pieces of sheer sound that has ever been written, but let us compare it to a page of music wherein a fundamental agony is articulated, or a supreme conception exposed (as, let us say, the *Death and Apotheosis* of Strauss, the last movement of Tchaikovsky's *Sixth Symphony*, the *Tristan Liebestod*, the last act of the *Götterdämmerung*), and we shall find that it has come to appear an almost futile thing, a cursory thing devoid of spiritual implication.

No, there is a discrepancy somewhere, a discrepancy warranting a close and comprehensive exposition. If the claims made by the advocates of "pure" painting are true, if it is true that a ballet girl of Degas or a Renoir nude is as great art as a landscape of Corot's or of Inness's, then we are compelled to conclude that the art of painting is a law unto itself, a matter apart from and irreconcilable with familiar consistencies and with those fine standards and integrities that obtain in other arts. We must go even further; we must conclude that painting is an inferior art, a trivial art, in the last analysis superfluous. Neither in music nor in literature can a sheerly decorative beauty, a sheerly technical effectiveness compensate us for the loss of a commensurate significance of substance. I, for one, cannot accept the sterile conclusions proclaimed and maintained by painters and by critics of painting. At the risk of disturbing and obscuring the precious and untransferable identity of the separate arts, I am forced to believe that they are merely separate manifestations of man's emotional nature seeking to recapture some lost ecstasy, or to beguile the drab dejections of quotidian wear and tear, or to plead with, regret, rejoice and glorify.

Art reaches its highest degree of development when it presents us with a basic and an eternal emotion expressed through a medium so perfectly and abstractly beautiful, and so miraculously adapted to the fulfilment of the idea, that idea and expression are interchangeable. We accept and enjoy the means of communication if for nothing other than the sheer sensuous gratification inherent in a decorative loveliness, but

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with this sensuous and quite legitimate gratification a something more has gone as well, a quickening of spiritual impulses, a hinting of vital issues. The two greatest masters of musical utterance that the world has ever known are Beethoven and Wagner. The two greatest poets that the English-speaking world has produced are Shakespeare and Tennyson. The reason that these men maintain their invincible pre-eminence is because their work represents a consummate fusing together of components into a supreme poise wherein the common sentiments of humanity and the basic energies of the universe are proclaimed without a sacrifice of the loftiest imaginable degree of beauty of expression and of workmanship. In proportion to the degree with which the scales of that equilibrium which means great art tip to the preponderance of the sheerly decorative on the one hand, the sheerly literal transcription of a natural phenomena, upon the other, art loses, not always in effectiveness, perhaps, but, we may be quite sure, in perfection. The aim of the highest art is to maintain an enchanted neutrality between the claims of a stark realism, an over-ornate fabrication. When Keats, momentarily seduced by immaturity, perpetrated the indiscretion of

> Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

he committed himself to two of the worst lines in English poetry. The sensitive ear and the independent estimate cannot fail to detect in these lines a momentary and quite degenerate lapse into the petty gratification of a luxurious imagery quite alien to the matter in hand. So easy a prettiness is as factitious and as obvious as cosmetics. When, on the other hand, a Cézanne landscape or a *Spoon River Anthology* neglects those beauties inherent in the respective mediums of oil painting and of verse (a subtle luminosity, an atmospheric evocation, in the first instance, a glorifying of homely instances through the deft enhancements of symmetrical sound and charm of utterance, in the second), we feel them guilty of a perversion of their material to a degree equally significant and discrepant.

That the art of Winslow Homer can be compared only disadvantageously to the art of Inness is because, being as it is, for the most part, a sheerly actual reproduction of what its eyes behold, it fails to achieve that indefinable something more than a sheerly actual reproduction; and it is precisely this something more which makes for the greatest art. As we study the development of a great artist, we see his work progress from a mere reproductive fidelity to that consummate equilibrium of which we have spoken, wherein this reproductive fidelity becomes welded into patterns exquisitely abstract without a loss of its inherent identity. The art of Homer seldom offers us this magical transmutation. It remains essentially preoccupied with story telling. We are at a loss to know whether we should take it as art or as anecdote. Conceivably, some future revaluation of æsthetic values may accord the highest consideration to the realist as opposed to the imaginative vision. We cannot know. But of one thing we are certain. The past has accorded supreme recognition to an art wherein a new way of seeing and of feeling has come into the world.

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Art that has concerned itself exclusively with the drama of externals, with, in other words, the casualties, collisions and catastrophes of human action has, as a general rule, failed to achieve the supreme heights where dwell our mortal Gods. We have bestowed the highest awards upon those artists that have brought to the world a new beauty of interpretation, an inspired revisioning and glorifying of matters grown infinitely old. The response to the inexpressible thrill of original revelation is the supreme sensation in the life of the lover of beautiful things. Imagine the exquisite wonder experienced by a world hearing for the first time the incredible ravishment of Wagner's *Tristan* or *Walkure;* Shelley's verse or the verse of Keats and Tennyson. We know something of this because we have reacted in our time to those delicious amazements inherent in the verse of a Yeats or a Dowson, and in the music of the most eventful music maker we have had since Chopin—Claude Debussy. But it would seem that the art of a Winslow Homer is deficient in this inexplicable quality of magic evocation. It is photographic, and as such it fails, despite its obvious technical excellencies and the rugged, simple, often epical energy of its subject matter, to supply us with that kind of rapturous intoxication of which mention has been made. The answer is (I repeat) that it is a physical visioning of the world (as was Manet's, for instance, or Monet's or Degas's, and so on), rather than a spiritual visioning of the world (as was Whistler's partially, Corot's almost exclusively, Inness's to an extent greater and more valuable than any of them). As we pass from one Winslow Homer to another (pictures almost all of them dealing with some immediate and specific incident), we experience wonder, amusement, anxiety sometimes, and (as in the case of the famous *Gulf Stream,* where the half-naked figure of a negro lies upon the deck of the derelict apathetically awaiting the inevitable end) in rare instances, horror. But it is questionable whether these emotions, as an end in themselves, are sufficient for the purpose of art. However vigorously and competently they are exposed, the art that exclusively concerns itself with them remains an inferior art. To me, the art of Winslow Homer achieves the highest development of which it is capable in those pictures of his wherein the human element is eliminated. At his greatest, he presents us with the stark, primeval rhythms of wind and wave. One does not readily recall an expression elsewhere in the art of painting that parallels these conceptions of world forces stupendously and inevitably propulsive. In these weavings together of cosmical and eternal energies, devoid of the casualty of human coincidence, of mortal drama, he approximates something of that abstract symmetry paramount in the greatest art, that symmetry wherein a sense of objective values—a sense of standardised realities—does not obtrude to the cost of subjective impressions.

The art of Inness must be considered superior to the art of Homer because it is an emanation from that indefinable, occult something in man we call the soul. Inness is what he is for the reason that every great artist is what he or she is—simply because his temperament was at once more profound, complex, passionate, intense and exquisite than the tem-

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peraments of his contemporaries and his successors. Art does not present us with a figure of greater spiritual effulgence. As we run over in our minds the hundreds upon hundreds of salient figures that art has produced—figures projected into the consciousness by some superior adroitness, some knack of loveliness —we realise how small are the dimensions of their emotional and spiritual dynamics in comparison with the copious, ample, transcendent temperament of George Inness. Painting has not, as a general rule, supplied us with great intelligences, with great temperaments. I have repeatedly pointed out the fact that this art cannot compete with the compelling significances inherent in great poetry and great literature. The function of painting is limited, apparently, either to the weaving together of mere patterns and colours, or to the reproduction of the external and objective saliences of the visible world. It cannot comment upon, explain, excuse or glorify the acute and personal passions of humanity, and by so much it unmistakably falls short in potency of appeal. The insurpassable greatness of Inness resides in the fact that his art is both beautiful as art, and beautiful as an expression of something more than art. It fulfils, to a degree greater, I believe, than that achieved by any other landscape painter, that ideal of a perfect equilibrium maintained between profundity of emotion and beauty of expression which I have emphasised as a salient characteristic of the greatest art. In its magical transformations, a sweet humanness is glorified into a radiance more exquisitely lovely than the most enchanted unreality. An Inness landscape differs from the landscape painting of any other kind or time, because it represents a higher exposition of humanity's relation to the universe than we find in any other painting of a similar nature. Throw Inness into competitive juxtaposition with the eminent landscape painters of the world, and notice how singularly incomparable he is. As a matter of fact, with whom is it possible to compare him? Corot? The comparison is unthinkable. Consider the vastness of the panorama spread out before us by the vision of an Inness. The art of Corot concerns itself with certain effects of light and air at a certain hour at a certain place: the art of Inness metamorphoses the passing moment, the transient phenomena into the semblance of a thing that has always been, and that we are led to believe will always be; a thing not merely and casually curious but remotely and permanently strange. It is a kind of vision wherein a dawn breaking over a particular locality becomes a dawn breaking over the whole world. Monet? Obviously, we cannot for a moment consider the claims of so trivial a painter as Monet in comparison with the dramatic, human and radiant expressiveness of Inness. Turner, perhaps, we should hardly reckon with, for his art is essentially a prodigious phantasmagoria, whereas the art of Inness is essentially a sublimated humanity. Cézanne may be dismissed until such time as may come when art shall cease to derive its impetus from the ecstasies of the spirit, and shall concern itself with scientific investigation. For the present, the art of Cézanne is about as congenial to our human instincts, as the *Star Spangled Banner* or *Home Sweet Home* would be if harmonised by

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Ornstein or Stravinsky. Rousseau is frequently mentioned as the nearest parallel to the art of Inness. He, perhaps, of all painters of landscape, comes nearest to Inness in temperamental vehemence and complexity; but in the matter of a rich, sensuous, superfine loveliness, both in conception and in means of expression, the comparison is all in favour of the American master.

Was Inness technically incompetent? Does his art depend exclusively upon its inspirational vigour? Does the sumptuousness and the superb exuberance and the imaginative ardour of his art distract the accurate workings of our judgment?

A consideration of this matter is suggested to us because of an idea prevalent in some quarters to the effect that the art of Inness is more an enormous jotting down of impressions, a passionate improvisation, so to speak, than an actual and an accomplished beauty. It has been said of Inness that, contrary to the methods of a Turner, a Corot, a Murphy, who work from an inarticulate indecisiveness up to a supremely co-ordinated consummation, he worked from a definite consummation of conception into an inarticulate indecisiveness. We are told that Inness's habit of work varied a dozen times or more within the confines of a single canvas. An instantaneous indication here or there, a dab of colour, the scrape of a palette knife, and a new point of view would overwhelm him. A sunset would transform itself into a moonlight, a moonlight into a frosty morning. The end was attained, we are told, through a series of brilliant, impetuous extemporisings: it was less a foreordained, inevitable end than it was a fortuitous, an almost casual happening.

With this point of view I cannot agree. Inness lived his life in a flame of energy amounting to a kind of spiritual vertigo. His heart and soul burned with beauty. The unbounded vastness and tumultuous glory of his inner vision literally intoxicated him, and he produced many pictures that are really little more than indications. The vast majority of his pictures are not to be compared with the meticulous and premeditated perfection of workmanship that characterises a landscape of Murphy's. But a meticulous and a premeditated perfection is the prerogative of the lesser workman of art. It has given us in music a *Pelleas and Melisande*, it has given us in poetry a Swinburne and a W. B. Yeats; but it has seldom, if ever, given us one of those sublime impacts as of apocalyptic revelation wherein our heart and soul are lifted out of our body into some transcendent, rarefied glow of wonder and of complete gratification.

And this is precisely what an Inness landscape has the power to do to a degree greater than that attained by any other painting of a like nature that the world has ever known. Standing before the radiant glory of *The Bathers* (beauty burning with a kind of religious fervour of thanksgiving) or the mute splendour of the *Summer Silence*, one feels that one must seek elsewhere than in the art of painting for instances that compare with these in the matter of a strange, ineffable something of divine implication. This is a kind of loveliness that is of that royal and mystic lineage that has given justification to the creed of Beauty—Beauty whose ultimate

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power is exercised in the revivifying of man's fallen faith in a reason why and in an ultimate recompense. Less compellingly, perhaps, but no less authentically, it affiliates with those moments in other more emphatic arts wherein we feel that a kind of sacred revelation has been vouchsafed us (as, for instance, in the almost intolerably tender theme of the Spring Night from *Meistersinger*, or the Redemption by Love theme at the close of the *Götterdämmerung*). If in attaining this superlative power, the art of Inness had sacrificed those qualities of charm inherent in an adroit manipulation of material, it would have fallen short of the greatest art. But it most unmistakably did not. To stand before the Innesses, in the possession of Mr. James W. Ellsworth, is to stand before a degree of incredible loveliness for which there is no parallel. I am inclined to call two of these pictures, *The Bathers* and the *Summer Silence*, the two most exquisite landscapes that have ever been painted. Our fallible, finite intelligences cannot conceive of an art more expressive than this. It may come, it may already exist in some remote locality; but of this we can know nothing. Here in these glowing exuberances of man's reaction to the spectacle of nature—pictures powerfully tender, heroically proportioned—the art of landscape, in so far as we have record, reaches its fullest efflorescence. To say as much is to indulge neither an immature enthusiasm nor a parochial prejudice. Taking Inness at his rare and representative best, we are presented with an accumulative appeal for which there is no parallel in landscape painting. *The Bathers* alone contains the quintessence of three considerable painters. A Matthew Maris would no doubt have been glad to sign the left half of this picture; Corot would no doubt have bowed his head in awe at the ecstasy of the mood; Turner would, I am sure, have acknowledged the tremendous uplift of the conception, and responded to the eager warmth and opulent wealthiness of the colour scheme. Inness is unique because he holds in equitable relationship qualities that, in others, are separately manifest to the exclusion of a supreme synthesis. One of the great colourists of all time, he is, precisely, the greatest colourist landscape painting has produced. Less tremulously evanescent in his evocation of atmospheric phenomena than a Corot, a Weir or a Murphy, his scope is so far beyond theirs and beyond anyone else's with whom we may properly compare him, that the mere attempt at comparison demonstrates its futility. For Inness is distinguished above and beyond his competitors not alone in some special sense of technical efficiency, but, notably, because of the incredible wealth of reaction to every phase of nature he possessed. Not Monet, not Turner, not Rousseau and (obviously) not Corot or Daubigny, Weir, Murphy or Tryon has handled nature in a greater variety of moods, aspects, manifestations. He ranks with the greatest in his avoidance of a standardised vision. Painting never became for him a facile formula, it remained always a kind of passionate sacrament.

Inness put the soul of this country at its freshest and purest into his canvases. They are perennially youthful with the undying beauty of human truth. They are the conglomerate appeals of many woods and streams and mountain lands.

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They are aboriginal sentiments, poignant almost as perfumes, legends, laughters of bygone times, simple music. And they are more. They represent the preponderating excellence of the universal attitude as opposed to a petty modern consideration of coincidence, of the exceptional instance, of things that are, however temporarily effective, of no abiding significance. They are a kind of art that metamorphoses the passing moment into the semblance of a thing that will always be, a thing not merely and casually curious, but remotely and permanently strange. In the best work of art such as this, interpretation achieves the significance of a kind of indefinable symbolism without, however, a loss of inherent identities, becoming, so to speak, characteristically cosmic rather than characteristically local, and half persuading us to believe it a hint dropped us from eternity. Beauty of this character is more than a mere sensuous gratification; it seems to hold for us a kind of happy promise of some benign Beyond.

SNAP SHOTS OF FOREIGN AUTHORS

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

BARRIE

Puck and Niobe
Fathered and mothered him
In some Gaelic moorland manger.
Ariel sistered him
To a delicacy of wit
That descends like a butterfly.
Cousin to Merlin, he knows
The secrets of cloud and rain,
Of rainbows and crocks of gold,
Of children and of birds;
And, knowing these,
What secret is there left?

GORKY

You drive your pen
As if it were a *troika*,
Its three horses,
Czar, bureaucrat and priest;
Your words crack like whips
As you gallop along
Tearing off ukases,
Ditching uniforms,
Ripping out icons,
While shouting to the moujiks
To stop skulking in the willows.

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MAETERLINCK

It is thrilling but terrible
To wander through the vaults,
The echo-haunted crypts
Of your Fomorian imagination.

It is maddening, crushing,
To see the blind grope hopelessly,
To hear the dumb choking for speech
And to be utterly helpless.

Drops oozing from the corbels
Eat slowly into our temples
Like water dripping on stone.

We know the joy of children
Released from a closet,
When carried to heaven by your bees.

D'ANNUNZIO

You have come centuries too late!

You should have reigned as Prince
In Antioch of the Garden of Daphne
Or as Duke of Byzantine Athens
Or have lorded it in Sicily,
That blue-domed glittering mosaic
Of all the ancient worlds;
With some daggered Cellini
To fix your esurient reveries
In gold, ivory and precious stones.

Years after, Webster of St. Andrews
Would have devised a play about you
"Gabriele, or the Scarlet Angel."

SCHNITZLER

As cleverly as a surgeon's scalpel
You lay bare their hearts,
Or what we call our hearts
When suffering from the same ailment.
The difference is
You chuckle all the time.
It may be a joke,
But it's a cruel joke
Which the victims can no more prevent
Than the sun his spots
Or the moon her allurement and servitude.

ARTZIBASHEF

Wind across the steppes,
Each gust demolishing some part
Of the House of Convention
And loosening some other
Until the whole of it is in ruins
And its inmates are driven
Out into the open
To make friends at last
With the rain and sun and air,
Their natural brothers,
And their father,
The soil.

SUDERMANN

A dark grey skiff
Drifting down a roiled river
Under low damp bridges;
With leaves falling,
Scattered here and there
By moaning autumn winds,
Tossed before the skiff
To be muddied and sunk.

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A ROMANTIC EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THE POET, FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

BY STANLEY M. WARD

As FROM some newly opened chest or drawer, where it has lain concealed and forgotten, lo, these many years, there comes the delicious odour of sweet lavender or dainty mignonette, permeating the air and diffusing its fragrance all around, so, through the vista of over three-quarters of a century, there comes this story of a romance in the life of the poet, Fitz-Greene Halleck.

Everybody knows that Mr. Halleck lived and died a bachelor. Whether the successful efforts of Miss Flanner, whom he never knew by any other name than "Ellen Campbell," to evade him and to hide her personality, had aught to do with his failure to become a benedict, I cannot say, though I suspect they had. Of this episode in his career the poet once said: "In a life filled with not an inconsiderable number of pleasurable experiences, I look back on my correspondence with the lady I knew as Miss Campbell, as the most pleasant, regretting only, that I failed to ever become acquainted with her and that this might not have resulted in a ripe fruition."

There was gathered at the house of one of their number in Mount Pleasant, Ohio, on the evening of January 1, 1840, a gay company of youths. As the festivities lulled someone proposed that each lady present take advantage of her prerogative and send a letter to the literary man whose writings she most admired, telling him of the gathering, informing him that it was Leap Year and requesting the honour of a reply.

No one appears to have considered this suggestion seriously except one person, a fair young Quakeress, Miss Abbie Flanner. Soon after the idea was broached she slipped unobserved from the company and was speeding her way along the snow-white path to her parent's house, not far distant. She had long admired the writings of Fitz-Greene Halleck, whose *Marco Bozzaris* was a favourite school recitation of our fathers. She determined to compose a poem and send it to him with a short note. Sitting down to work Miss Flanner had completed the following about the time the grey dawn of a winter's morning broke:

THE MERRY MOCK BIRD'S SONG

NEW YEAR'S NIGHT

O'er fields of snow, the moonlight falls
And softly on the snow white walls
  Of Albi's cottage shine,
And there, beneath the breath of June
The honeysuckle's gay festoon
  And multiflora shine.

And form a sweet, embowered shade,
Pride of the humble cottage maid,
  Who now, transformed and bold,
Beneath the shadow of a name
Those equal rights presumes to claim,
  Rights urged by young and old.

And who is she, to fame unknown
Who dares her challenge thus throw down
  Lo at the feet of one
Who holds a proud, conspicuous stand
Among the magnates of the land
  The Muse's favourite son.

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As when she roved a careless child
To pluck some mountain blossom wild
Oft climbed some pendant brow
Of crag or cliff, to gather there
Some tempting flower that seemed more fair
Than aught that bloomed below.

So now, like Eve in Paradise
Though bounteous blossoms round her rise
Of love and friendship blend
With many a kindly blessing fraught,
Would give them all for one kind thought,
One word from Halleck's pen.

Like that fair plant of India's fields
Which most were bruised or broken, yields
Its fragrance to the air,
Such is the heart I offer thee
Pride of my country's minstrelsy
Oh, is it worth thy care?

She signed this effusion "Ellen A. F. Campbell," incorporating her own initials with those of the heroine of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, and sent it to Halleck, in New York. The first flush of excitement having worn away and Miss Flanner, no doubt looking at the matter from an impersonal standpoint, began to think pretty seriously of what she had done. Of course, it was all in fun and nothing very momentous could possibly come from it, still there remained the fact that she, a little, unknown Quaker girl, living on what was then, the confines of civilisation, had presumed to send a letter and a poem to the first literary man in America, at least one she considered such. (He had written one poem surely that will live.) But, reproaches and heart throbs were all in vain now. Had she known her Omar Khayyam she might have quoted "The moving finger writes," etc. The whole affair was out of her hands now and all she could do was to wait. Mails were not moved as quickly then as they are now, and it was several weeks ere the poet's reply reached her. And when it did, with what feelings of trepidation, almost of fear, did she receive the packet and wonder at its contents. How had the great man received her missive? Had he snubbed her? Had he written her a curt note informing her that Leap Years were no reason for women forgetting their places? But one way could she find out and that was to open the parcel and examine the contents. We may imagine that she performed this task with trembling hands and fast beating heart. Oh, Joy! Not only had the great man answered her letter, but there was an original poem for her eyes alone. I doubt if there was a prouder woman in America that day.

TO ELLEN

THE MERRY MOCK BIRD'S SONG

The Scottish Minstrel's border lay
Entranced me oft in boyhood's day
His forests, glades and streams
Mountains and heather blooming fair.
A Highland lake and lady were
The playmates of my dreams.

Time passed, my dreams were gone,
My pilgrim footsteps pressed alone
Loch Katrine's storied shore,
And winds that winged me o'er the lake
Breathed low, as if they feared to break
The music of my oars.

No tramp of warrior men was heard,
For welcome sound or challenge word
I listened, but in vain,
And moored beneath his favourite tree
As vainly wooded the minstrelsy
Of grey haired "Allan Bain."

I saw the Highland heath flower smile
In beauty upon Ellen's isle
And couched in Ellen's bower
I watched beneath the lattice leaves
Her coming, through the summer eves
Sweetest and loveliest hour.

She came not, lonely was her home,
Herself of airy shapes that come
Like shadows to depart,
Are there two Ellens of the mind

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Or, have I lived at last to find
An Ellen of the heart?

And well my heart responds to-day,
And willingly its chords obey
The Minstrel's loved command,
A Minstrel maid whose infant eyes
Looked on Ohio's woods and skys,
My schoolboy's sunset land.

And must I deem her winning smile
But a mere mockery, to beguile
Some lonely hour of care.
And will this Ellen prove to be
But like her namesake o'er the sea
An Ellen of the air?

Or, shall I take the Morning's wing
Armed with a parson and a ring,
Speed dale and hill along,
And at her cottage hearth, at night,
Change into flutterings of delight,
Or, what's more likely, to affright,
The "Merry Mock Bird's Song?"

Accompanying the verses was a letter in which he thanks her for her "beautiful lines" and begs her to accept a volume of his poems on account "of the beauty of the binding and the width of the margin." Further on he says, "although your letter did not intend to make me a happy man it has made me a very proud one." He concludes as follows, "I am, My dear Miss Campbell, yours very gratefully, or, if you are in earnest, which I very much fear you are not, I am, dearest Ellen, Yours affectionately, Fitz-Greene Halleck." Her answer to this is a letter of considerable length in which she thanks him for the promise of his book, stating "that expectation stands on tiptoe on the misty banks of the blue Ohio awaiting its coming." She assures him that when he is in "Fashion's crowded halls or listening to the voice of deathless fame, she would not claim one thought,

But, when the busy throng is gone,
And brightly on the Western sky
The sunset's embers brightly burn,
Oh, wilt thou thither turn thy eye
And give one kindly thought to her,
Whose spirit ever turns to thine,
Like India's idol worshipper,
Or Moslem to his prophet's shrine."

The correspondence thus begun continued throughout the year. The gay badinage which marked its beginning was succeeded by earnestness on both sides. As the poet grew more ardent in expressing his admiration and esteem for his fair letter writer, she, though still preserving her incognito and shielded to a certain extent thereby, grew more timid. At one time she tells him that "every step I have taken in your acquaintance has increased my diffidence and timidity. With a careless laugh I flung my first offering on the current of accident little thinking that it would bring me back laughter and tears, joys and sorrows, anxious thoughts and fevered dreams." As the year 1841 approached, she tells him that the term of her privilege has about expired and that the correspondence must stop. It appears that Halleck was much alarmed at the chance of losing his fair though unknown writer, for he answers almost immediately, in a communication filled evidently with "profound logic," as she replies, saying, "I certainly did think I had written to Mr. Halleck for the last time, but you know, before I confess it, that I am only too willing to be convinced by your profound 'logic,' that it is not only my 'privilege,' but my duty to continue the correspondence Your witty assumption of your exclusive privilege has relieved my woman's pride from the 'bastile of a word' for whose adamantine walls, I have perhaps, not shown a proper reverence." After the interchange of a few more

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letters, the poet announces his intention of starting West and meeting face to face the lady whom, as "Ellen Campbell," he has learned to admire and esteem. Now was Miss Flanner troubled. We may assume that nothing would have caused her more pleasure than to accede to Halleck's wishes, but, she reflected, that even a tacit agreement would put her in the position of wooer, as she had begun the acquaintance by writing first. She waited some time before she answered this letter and then had it mailed in Washington, District of Columbia, where she sent it to a relative under cover. Halleck, of course, sent his reply to the capital city and in time it reached Miss Flanner. But she did not answer it. All efforts the author made by correspondence and otherwise to find her were in vain, and he was forced at last to admit that she must forever remain to him "An Ellen of the mind."

Miss Abbie Flanner was about twenty-six years old at the time of her acquaintance with Mr. Halleck. She is described as being rather above the average female height, had a demure and quiet expression as became a member of the Society of Friends. Her hair was of a golden brown colour and her eyes also brown, though changing at times to grey. They were very expressive and smiled more often than did her lips. Her talents in the epistolary line may be judged by her holding so long a correspondence with so noted a literary lion as Halleck and his evident desire to continue it. In music, also, Miss Flanner excelled. In fact, she was undoubtedly possessed of those mental and physical gifts which fitted her to grace any position in the land. She had two brothers, both physicians, one of whom perished in the cholera epidemic which visited Pittsburgh, many years ago. Late in life Miss Flanner married a man, her social equal, it is said, but one who failed utterly to appreciate her intellectual gifts. She lived but a year afterward and lies buried, according to her request, on a bold bluff overlooking the Blue Ohio. There is back of the bluff a fine grove of trees in whose branches the birds sing her requiem all the day long.

This manuscript has been in the author's possession for some time. A few years ago he submitted it to a lady who was once a member of the Society of Friends and whose affiliations are all that way. She was a well-known newspaper woman of northeastern Pennsylvania, and her sister, Anne, was at one time the undisputed queen of the American lecture platform. Her only comment was, "How did you come to know about this? Abbie Flanner was my mother's most intimate friend and she visited her at Mount Pleasant a year before marrying my father.

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FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: J. S. SHERIDAN, WALLACE MORGAN, H. DEVITT WELSH, H. D. ADAMS, C. D. GIBSON, F. D. CASEY, F. J. SHERIDAN, JR., ADOLPH TREIDLER, HARRY TOWNSEND, C. B. FALLS

A MEETING OF THE DIVISION OF PICTORIAL PUBLICITY, WITH CHARLES DANA GIBSON IN THE CHAIR

Brushes, Attention!

An Account of the American Artists' War Work and a Sprightly Meditation upon the Return of first-rate Art to the Subject of War.

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MAKING POSTERS FIGHT

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

An artist who ties himself up to a slogan these days is doing his bit in the Great War. No submarine, no aircraft, can upset an idea once it is safely launched in the popular mind by means of a poster. That is why the governments of all the allied countries have depended greatly upon art for propaganda, calling upon pens, brushes and pencils almost as urgently as they have called upon guns. When the history of the war is told in full, a large chapter will be that which will describe how it has been pictured by artists, not only in books, but on billboards, in streetcars, on the sides of public buildings, even in mural designs over the façades of treasury buildings. This is a war in which the regular commercial advertiser and lithographer can aid governments in exploiting the necessary *material* things. But it is also a war of Ideas, where things of the spirit have to be kept continually before the people. One must advertise sacrifice as one advertises food products. So, artists have been called in for something broader and more subtle than mere advertising. They must picture the sweeping emotions which have upheld an unbroken line before the onrush of the Hun; they must picture the psychology behind every demand made upon the public.

It was on April 27, 1917, that the artists mobilised, at the request of Mr. George Creel, Chairman of the Committee on Public Information. We are launching,—he told them,—a nation-wide campaign. The remotest regions will have to be reached with our appeals to their spirit of supreme sacrifice. There is not an official department in Washington which has not its message to get across to the American people. And as the war is prolonged, this message will take on new aspects, will have to be more insistent, will have to reflect more and more the changing phases of sentiment. It is you artists who must picture all this for the Government.

Brushes, Attention! called Charles Dana Gibson, who became chairman of the Division of Pictorial Publicity, and from that instant the American artists entered the war, quickly grasping the new demands made upon them, and unselfishly giving time and energy to the new problems confronting them. It was no casual art work they had to do. Accustomed, as many of them were, to embodying ideas contained in stories, articles and poems, in illustrations and paintings, they were now called upon to flood the country with posters which, through no other appeal than their own graphic portrayal, would stir a people to action, and put them on the instant into possession of the essential reasons for winning the war. No time would be given for experiments; while every artist would be encouraged, only the expert would execute. Here was an opportunity for discovering whatever art resources the country had. It is not a surprise that the foremost men in the profession should have in-

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CAPTAIN W. J. AYLWARD

stantly made good. But it is surprising to the officials of the Division of Pictorial Publicity that so many art schools, so many undiscovered artists, have answered the call so strikingly.

In order to meet the instant demand, organisation was an important part of the work. Mr. F. D. Casey, art editor of *Collier's Weekly*, was made Vice-Chairman and Secretary of the Committee. One might formulate the adage that it takes an art editor to catch an artist, for Mr. Casey knows the qualifications of nearly every illustrator and painter in the country. There is not a demand made by the Government for posters, that he has not unerringly assigned the work to the men best qualified for the special task. Around a weekly council table, ideas are discussed, media weighed and decided. The American artist has still to urge his imagination as the initial impulse in this service. For the war is three thousand miles away. He can sit at his drawing-board or at his easel with no fear of the seventy-five mile gun reaching him, with no

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CAPTAIN ERNEST PEIXOTTO

air-raids imminent, with no wavering, fluctuating battle line on the western front at his door. Though the war overshadows the entire world, and regulates the thought of every individual in it, in America our indignation is not heightened by the actual sound of bombardment; we imagine the cries of the wounded, we do not hear them. The publicity campaign is urged, therefore, by a current that must travel three thousand miles.

Yet that is not entirely true. War is sustained by Ideas and Ideals. War is supplied by material resources and the sacrifices of people. We have measured the need of Belgium by the ships laden with grain which have left our shores; we have measured the urgency for ships, by the empty docks which once held the *Lusitania* and the *Tuscania;* we have felt the call for men by the soldiers who have left our shores. It is all this which the artist must remember, as he sits in his studio evolving the pictures which must keep the nation stirred to action.

Another consideration. Slogans are not merely fine phrases. They are born out of the alembic of the

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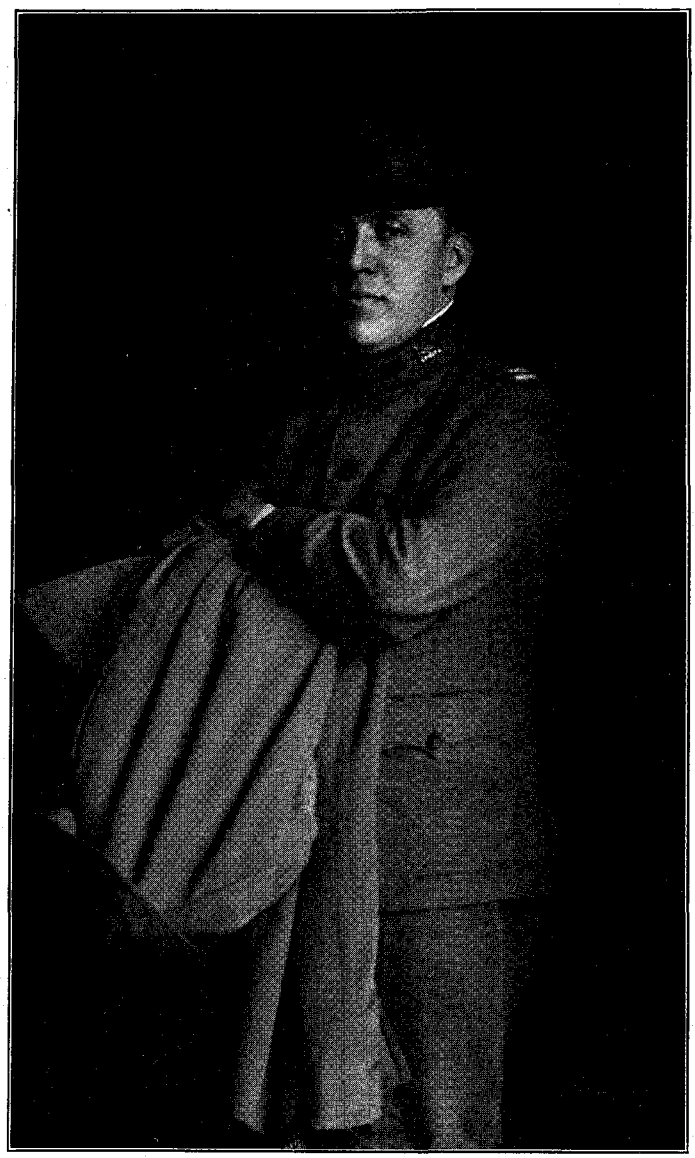

CAPTAIN WALTER JACK DUNCAN

moment. History clings to them, and identifies with them the men who uttered them. Peculiarly our distance has imposed upon us the necessity for relying upon inspiration rather than upon the immediate heat of the moment. There has not been a "drive," whether for Liberty Loans, Red Cross, or Y. M. C. A.; whether for recruiting or conservation, that the slogans have not been framed beforehand, composed by that same largeness of creative impulse with which a poem is shaped.

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The slogan is made to fit the moment, and the artist attaches himself to the slogan. That is the process by which most of the posters in America have been made.

The public became aware of the artist and the slogan long before they knew that the artists in America had been mobilised. During the visit of Marshal Joffre to this country, they saw a card nailed to trees and fences—a card called *Three Sisters*, and picturing the crucial dates in the histories of France and America, 1776, 1789, and 1917. Insistently the picture came upon them as they turned street corners, as they went into stores. And gradually method came out of the widespread use of this poster. It no longer was a mere picture, but the symbol which Joffre's visit presented. It is such publicity in its highest sense which Mr. Gibson's committee has been asked to regulate.

Appeal is the essential qualification of the poster. Henry Reuterdahl's *Help Your Country* pictures a battleship under full steam, with its guns in action; it is aimed to stir the fighting blood. Albert Sterner's *Over There* indicates the deeper appeal of patriotism which impels the man to enlist. W. T. Benda's *Stand Behind the Country's Girlhood* is a dreamy embodiment of the Y. W. C. A.'s organisation; C. B. Falls's *Premiers au Feu* pulls enlistment toward the marines. These random examples are typical of the all-embracing quality of the poster—a specific illustration of a general emotion; the pictorial embodiment of an idea, so simple in its composition that it will not miss fire, so evident in its intention that it will appeal to the simplest intellect, so colourful that it will catch the attention, so typical that it tells the whole story. Such is the demand upon the artist, mobilised to help win the war with his pen and brush.

So far, Mr. Gibson's committee has supplied posters for thirty-six departments and organisations active in war service. And this does not mean alone that they have supplied pictures to be reproduced, but they have likewise sent artists out into the streets, to paint, as sign painters would. To the left of the New York Public Library building I recall seeing Mr. C. B. Falls when he painted, as though he were before his easel, that striking poster, *Books Wanted for Our Men.* To the right, with all the feeling of colour and design worthy of a canvas, is F. Luis Mora's striking panorama of the battle-field of France. Over the New York Treasury building, with the detail of mural painting, N. C. Wyeth and Henry Reuterdahl completed their decoration for the Third Liberty Loan—a picture ninety feet long and twenty-five feet high. This kind of publicity work illustrates what this war has most often emphasised—that the individual must be ready to school himself for any emergency.

Even as specifications are laid down for the building of cantonments and for the construction of battleships, so are details furnished the artists who are now co-operating with the Government. This is how it is done. Mr. Gibson's committee receives a letter which says in substance, We wish you to aid us in framing a suitable poster for shipyards and airplane factories, in which "the idea to be conveyed is that the worker, by keeping diligently on the job, is doing his bit just as much as the man in the

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N. C. WYETH AND HENRY REUTERDAHL (CENTRE OF SCAFFOLD) PUTTING FINISHING TOUCHES ON GREAT POSTER ON SUB-TREASURY BUILDING, NEW YORK

trenches, and that it is his duty to put forth his best efforts. The poster must be twenty inches by thirty inches." With this in hand, Herbert Paus designed his picture, a stirring appeal for Labour to sustain the arms of the country.

The Liberty Loan Committees have sought the co-operation of the artists in the same way. They have outlined the insistent note for each campaign, and as the world necessity became stronger, as Prussian menace became greater, the urge has increased. In consequence the artists who have drawn posters for the Liberty Loans have been allowed to increase the emotional appeal. It is now conceded that the German raids upon American hospitals helped to bring the Third Liberty Loan far over the top. Could we not prophesy that in the posters for the Fourth Liberty Loan, the artists will picture this? Yet, rightly, there is reticence about the use of grewsomeness in posters; nothing should be suggested which would be either sickening or depressing. For the object of the poster is to stimulate. Recall that when Charles Lamb sent his book, *Ulysees*, to his publisher, Godwin, it was returned for some corrections. Children would be frightened by such and such incidents, suggested the cautious publisher, with his eye on over-squeamish parents. But Lamb wrote back, There is only one correction I will make, and that is where the incident

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strikes me as being *disgusting*. Such was the substance of his letter to Godwin. The same applies to the poster.

Public response to the artist's work is fickle. They like to look at Frank Brangwyn's *American Sailors to the Rescue*, or Charles Livingston Bull's *The Two Eagles*, but they want to own Howard Chandler Christy's *Columbia's Call*, because of its direct feminine appeal. Yet, as posters go, it is characterless. Popular demand, however, required that over a million copies of this poster be printed. The American public has not yet been schooled to look at the poster as anything more than a magazine illustration. I have before me a letter from one department, written to Mr. Gibson's committee. It says, We want a poster with a child in it. The fundamental emotions have to be reached in order to make the public dig down into their pockets. It is not too much to say that a large part of the over-subscription to the recent Red Cross drive was due to A. E. Foringer's remarkable poster, *The Greatest Mother in the World*.

Every American artist of note is contributing to the poster output. Gibson's *House Manager*, for the Food Saving Campaign, is done with the old dash of the days when he illustrated Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune*; Joseph Pennell, with a method shaped by sketching and etching, has produced a poster for the ship-building "urge," which loses none of its delicacy, however large it is reproduced—the list goes on interminably, including Blashfield, Harvey Dunn, Wallace Morgan, Adolph Treidler, and others. One must check off with the art directory.

We might expect that the artist's usefulness would not be confined at home. When Walter Hale was alive, he showed us, by the visits he paid the front, what the pencil could do under fire. It was to be expected that when the American army got to France, the artist would be called also. In the Signal Corps of the United States army, there is a Major Kendall Banning, who was formerly the art-editor of *System*. It is through his advice and through General Pershing's call that eight captains' commissions were offered to Mr. Gibson's committee. Who would be the lucky men selected? Through a process known to the Division of Pictorial Publicity and to three officers in the army to whom the final selection was left, Captains Ernest Peixotto, Wallace Morgan, W. J. Aylward, Harry Townsend, Harvey Dunn, Walter Jack Duncan, George Harding and André Smith, now represent the American artists in France. They have not as yet taken sufficient root to indicate how they work. Their drawings will be official documents for the War Department. They are painters and illustrators, selected to work in any mediums required, — interpretative artists, who, in wash, pencil or crayon can illustrate; who, with brush, can record the colour of a battle; who, with pencil, can lay out scenes or detail structures; who could, if called upon, do decorative work.

Right here let it be emphasised that these are not the men attached to the Camouflage Corps. The latter come under the jurisdiction of the engineers; their work is a combination of carpentry, sculpture painting. But these captains are there strictly for pictorial work, for

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CAPTAIN HARRY TOWNSEND

portrait painting and etching. Who knows but, close to the heart of the conflict, they will send home to the artists working here, ideas that are born of the smoke of battle, about which the American people should know.

Thus, the American artist has found himself in this war. The poster will probably affect his technique, the quality of his imagination, his conception of the relation an artist bears to the life of his time. But he is doing his job, and letting that spirit which comes out of the times mould him for the future. The artist has been changed, as all things have been changed, by this war. Having discovered through another channel the way in which his brush,

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his pen, pencil and crayon, his etching tools, may serve the democracy, his technique will improve. Some of our posters have been striking, but they have not been as symbolical nor as full of real art as the French and some of the Italian posters. They are much higher than commercial drawings; they are rapidly approaching the character of art.

The artists know that there will be need for them after the war. In this reconstruction they will be a part. But by the time of peace, the poster will have become a form in itself. A short time ago I had occasion to go into the stacks of the New York Public Library, where they have a collection of three thousand posters of all countries. This includes duplicates. They have been mounted on cloth so as not to tear. The art student can study these, can trace in them the increase of war spirit, and the incoming of new appeals with the new demands. But the main idea of them all is the same, the underlying principle that the world must be made a decent place to live in, through the supreme sacrifice, if necessary, of all we have. Speeches, editorials, books, have driven it home. But the poster has said, Behold, and we have seen. That is its secret power over the masses in the street.

POSING THE WAR FOR THE PAINTER

BY ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY

In any number of ways, as we all know, the Great War now on is an altogether new thing in the way of wars. One of the most novel features of its unique character, however, has not received any popular recognition. This is the first war that, in a manner of speaking, ever "sat" to the painter for its portrait.

When, of course, the primitive artist first began to contemplate the scene of the world about him he found men fighting. His first commissions were to fashion graceful weapons: spears, daggers, swords. A bit later we find him concerned with commemorating in alabaster the victories of Assyrian kings. To skip along, we recollect that on the metopes of the Parthenon were carved the battles of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ. And, when he got into painting, for ages war, religion and love were the only themes the artist thought worth while. The idea of landscape as anything other than background for the spectacle is, of course, a modern invention. And though Rembrandt saw, as clearly as Degas, that a beggar was in himself a human story, the world in general until quite recent days has expected a picture to picture, so to say, something doing.

Nearly all great painters, until almost contemporary times, have painted military scenes: Mantegna, Veronese, Leonardo, Raphael, Michelangelo, Durer, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Hals, Rubens, David, Delacroix, Turner,—to name a few at random. And the Royal Academy kind of junk against which Whistler, Manet, and, loosely speak-

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CAPTAIN HARVEY DUNN

ing, the other impressionists, rebelled largely consisted of "historical" scenes of war, battle "pieces," and the like. Fifteen years ago our own Metropolitan Museum was stuffed with that kind of stuff. And then war, with its picturesque trappings, passed almost altogether out of art, both good and bad, together with all other obviously picturesque subjects, such as religious emotion and the sentiment of love. And the business of the serious painter became symbolised in the obsession of Monet rendering with scientific erudition the changing effect of a haystack in its envelope of atmosphere at different hours of the day.

The old masters, and the near old masters, and the far from near masters of the elder day, though they painted war scenes galore, did not paint a war. That is to say, they told the literary story of a historic episode, *The Surrender of Brada, The March Out of the Civic Guard, Sabine Women Intervening Between Romans and Sabines,* or some such

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thing. After the thing had been over for some considerable time, in their studios, or at any rate far from the scene, they dressed up their hired models and fabricated the pageant. That some of these set pictures have never been surpassed as passages in paint is quite beside the point. And though Meissonier and his pupils or imitators, Neuville and Dataille, made their prime business the depicting with amazing minuteness and dexterity of anecdotic subjects of the Napoleonic wars, their procedure was the same. On the other hand, while Goya's *Horrors of War* (or whatever precisely the series of lithographs is called) and Callot's minute and intensely realistic engravings of whole armies certainly convey the effect of direct impressions of the scene, these things were "stunts" in the careers of the artists and present no consistent record of military life.

In fine, while traditionally the artist has been commissioned by states and princes to commemorate their valorous deeds in arms he had never been, as an artist, a soldier. He could, of course, lay down his brush and go fight if he wanted to, otherwise he remained a civilian historian. And in the course of the development of æsthetic theory, and the gradual lessening of the subject of war as one of the major concerns of mankind, the theme of war ceased to attract first-rate talent among painters, and fell to the province of lesser craftsmen, the illustrators. We have had in the United States a very creditable little group of men each with a distinctive *flair* for military magazine-pictures. Those of us brought up on our standard magazines recall with a kind of affection the sterling work in this field of such entertaining instructors of our youth as T. dé Thulstrup, Howard Pyle, F. C. Yohn and Frederick Remington. With the rise of pictorial journalism, made possible by the introduction of rapid and inexpensive processes of reproduction, there came to pass, too, in the continuance of sporadic outbursts of war, a press figure familiarly known to us all as "our special artist at the front"—a figure of a highly popular kind, though, as in the case of H. C. Christy and the Spanish-American War, not infrequently one whose affinity with his subject has not been particularly conspicuous.

The present war is not in anything more unlike any other war than in its relation to art, both the art of literature and that of painting. Most of the authors of the world are now soldiers, and, it is a current witticism to say, most of the soldiers who were not authors before the war are authors now. And the "art artists" (as they have been so aptly described) are not only at the war to-day but in it, the real artists, that is, of England and Europe. There has never been anything at all like the files of *L'Illustration* since 1914; and a distinguished American painter and critic declared the other day that the pages of this journal gave a better idea of the war than everything else about it put together.

No writer has been able to make those who have not been there actually *see* the war, as one sees the human scene about him at home. It is beyond the power of the written word to evoke before the eye the mighty, sombre and malign quality of the battle-field landscape as a whole, or the daily life of troops in their habit as they live, down to the last detail of the cut of their coats.

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And reams of photographs, we know, cannot with even a distant approach to adequacy tell the tale, because, wonderful as many of the photographs of this war are, the camera cannot feel. Only the artist can show the visible scene in the light of the spirit in which it is lived. Unlike the camera, his is the power to seize upon those things before him the interest of which is universal and eternal, and to let drop away those things which are ephemeral and accidental. He does not merely draw ruined churches and houses, great guns being aimed, guards and lorries, doctors and wounded men. His is the mission of making visible by his art to those remote from the scene and to distant ages the staunchness and patience, the faithful absorption in the next duty, the extraordinary humour, the standards of comradeship and good nature—all the strains of character and emotion that go to make up the temper of a great army in the field. He does not merely draw armed figures in the act of proceeding across a plain; he paints moments of transfiguration, when all the glow of courage that has been banked down and husbanded through months of waiting and guarding, bursts, at a word of command, into flame.

One of the most fascinating things about the return of first rate art to the subject of war is that it returns shorn of the academic conventions of pomp and panoply characteristic of the old, set battle pieces and stage-set scenes of surrenders. It returns with all the knowledge acquired in its evolution away from the pictorial picture and literary theme and paints not show pageants but, with its new fidelity to visible facts, the actual circumstances of the war.

Men of ability of a very high rank are painting for her France's part in the war. Among the "official" artists with the French armies are François Flameng, Lucien Jonas, Georges Scott, named in the order of their importance, all of whom have done perfectly corking things, of soldiers in action and in portraits of generals. Though doubtless the best known to Americans of the French war artists is Charles Huard, Official Painter to the Sixth Army of France, who has twice been to this country, and whose vivacious and distinguished illustrations first to the magazine articles and recently to the war books of his wife, Frances Wilson Huard, have had a wide currency among us. Among other French artists who have done notable work of enduring value are Paul Sabatier and Charles Hoffbauer; the latter of whom has lived much in the United States; is a member of the Players Club; and, so the story goes, was down in Virginia, or some other Southern State, painting a decoration for a court house when his call to the colours came, when, so had he kept himself in readiness since his term of military service, the war found him with even his boots greased.

Everybody probably knows and has enjoyed the work of Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, a genius in his way, the Phil May of the war, and of an army that certainly required a Phil May. Among British official artists are Frank Brangwyn Mac Vey, and, particularly worthy of his task, Muirhead Bone, an artist of very considerable power, with a sheer weight of impressiveness that is truly stunning.

At the request of General Pershing for eight artists for the Amer-

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ican expeditionary forces, the War Department a few months ago ordered a committee on selection to be formed, C. D. Gibson, chairman, and this committee chose the men who are to make drawings and paintings of the scenes where the American army is fighting, and whose work from now until peace comes is to be preserved by the Government as part of the historical documents of the war. These eight men, commissioned with the rank of captain in the engineers, and who recently sailed for France, are Ernest Peixotto, Wallace Morgan, J. André Smith, Walter Jack Duncan, Harry Townsend, Harvey Dunn and William J. Aylward.

Of the eight, a man who for upward of two decades has been a voice of authority in art criticism in New York, confessed that he had never heard of three; J. André Smith he placed, with some difficulty, as an etcher. There is no painter in the group. Ernest Peixotto and Wallace Morgan are quite well known as illustrators. Mr. Peixotto is the author of a series of well-bred gift books of tours and cruises over fashionable routes; his pictures, sometimes pen sketches, sometimes wash drawings, suggest somewhat the influence of the master illustrator, Daniel Vierge, but, one fears, they suggest much more the use of photographs. Mr. Morgan might be described as a *Saturday Evening Post* reflection of the capable painter, William Glackens. William Aylward, an illustrator of naval scenes, will probably be recalled as something like Reuterdahl, though much tighter and somewhat wooden in technique. Walter Jack Duncan, though but slightly known outside of illustrator circles, has, particularly in his colour drawings of New York and London, done work of high promise and distinct individuality.

What they will do with the war remains, of course, to be seen. At any rate, there is no record in the annals of art of any other group of young men having had so great an opportunity.

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IN DICKENS LAND: A REVERIE

BY MICHAEL MONAHAN

DEAR, immortal Dickens! So the wise publishers have discovered a "revival" of interest in the Master of English story, and they are paying him the compliment of many new editions. As if it were not his province to lay his strong toll of grace on each new generation; as if he were not of those beloved Immortals who live on forever in the changeless romance of the young; as if, in fine, his world-wide audience had not been steadily growing in the space since his death until now it is by far the greatest that has ever done honour to an English writer. Truly, messieurs the publishers shall easily persuade us.

But I for one am glad at any rate to hear of this "revival," which never ceases, and to enjoy the publishers' accounts of those fine new editions of the old yet ever young Dickens. Books were *written* better in his day, no doubt; though Mr. Howells, who was once a daring young heretic on this subject and is now himself under the hand of time, will not have it so. But surely they were not *made* so well, at least for popular reading. And here the publisher is entitled to his bit of praise, however we may smile at that evidence of the ingenuity of the publishing trade, the Dickens revival. It will, I think, be always a safe venture to prepare for and to announce a "great revival of interest" in the works of Mr. Charles Dickens—especially with an eye to the new generation. Other authors dispute the fickle preference of the old, the disillusioned, and the too mature—the young are always for Mr. Dickens.

And the sceptre shall not pass from him. Over three decades ago I first read my Dickens in the paper-covered books of the Franklin Square Library. They were ugly in appearance, clumsy to hold and, worse lack of all to a young reader, there were no pictures to give form and pressure to the story. But all this disparagement is the work of my later thought. Surely I was not then conscious of any fault or blemish in the Aladdin's treasure that had suddenly fallen to me from the sky. Pity the man who is not loyal to his first loves! I would give much to taste again the feelings of joy and rapture and wonder which then were mine while making my breathless course through those ungainly publications of the Franklin Square.

I was a boy then—God help me!—the sort of boy, I dare believe, the Master had much in mind; and a whole world of bitter experience lies between me and that happy time. Shall I ever forget the bare cold little room where I spent so many unwearied hours, hugging my treasure in both arms; often hungry, but forgetting it, fed as I then was with the food of romance; oftener cold, but unheeding that, too, warmed as I was with the glow of fancy? And the smell of the freshly printed pages as I turned them with trembling, eager hands (the door of the little room shut and I alone)—have I ever since known the like? Could the costliest book now yield me such a

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A NIGHT-TIME PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ORIGINAL "OLD CURIOSITY SHOP" IN PORTSMOUTH STREET, LONDON. THE UPPER ROOM ON THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE IS SAID TO BE "LITTLE NELL'S" BEDROOM

thrill? Alas! could any spell, however potent, again make me free of the vanished kingdom of romance?

Oh, poor little room, which saw that miracle, the lighting up of a boy's imagination, the swelling chivalry of his young heart, the simple joy of his candid youth—I look back now with lamentable vision on the long way I have come, and I know I have met nothing so good in my journey. Would to God, little room, I might wake even now as from a vexed and sorrow-laden dream, to find myself that boy once again, sheltered by you and heedless of hunger and cold, could he but slake his thirst at the Enchanted Fountain! . . . .

And sure these blessed things of memory have played me a trick, or I am in very truth a boy again—dear God, do but grant it, a boy again! for I would swear that just now a breeze of youth smote my cheek, and lo! in a trice I am whirled back into the past. Lost and breathless a moment, I soon find myself in a garden with my pretty mother, bolting furtive gooseberries and trying to look unmoved. . . . A wind arises and now I am in the house with Peggotty (I still feel the touch of her finger like a nutmeg grater), poring over the Crorkendill Book and Mrs. Gummidge (bless him for that name!). Barkis has just brought me in the cart and I am so proud to be a Yarmouth Bloater (oh, memory!). Isn't it fine to live in a house made out of an old boat and to hear the wind come creeping about it at night when you are snug in bed and just dropping off to sleep? . . . How sweet little Em'ly is, and oh, how I love her with

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all the innocent love of my boyish heart!

The nights I lie awake, thinking about her and praying that she may come to no harm! . . . Mr. Murdstone is worse than ever since that day when he beat me and I bit him on the hand. His beard is very black and so thick that his skin looks blue after shaving—confound his whiskers and his memory! . . . My box is ready, Mr. Barkis is here again, and my mother comes out to say good-bye to me, with her baby in her arms. She would have said something more to me, I know, but *he* was there to restrain her. "Clara, Clara, be firm!" I hear his warning voice. But she looked intently at me, holding up her baby in her arms. So I lost her, so I saw her many a time afterward at school, a silent Presence at my bedside, holding up her baby in her arms. . . .

Comes a wooden-legged man stumping through my dreams and eyeing me fiercely. Was his name Tungay, and did he put a placard on my back reading "Take Care of Him—He Bites?" I must ask Traddles about this. . . .

The "horfling" and I have just parted in tears—she to St. Luke's Workhouse and Mr. Micawber to the Fleet, still gallantly figuring on his insoluble problem. I am somewhat comforted in the assurance that Mrs. Micawber (*with* the twins) will never desert him. . . . Now I am in Canterbury. It is a fine day and the rooks are flying about the old cathedral. Here is poor Mr. Dick, still bothered about the head of Charles I, and the Doctor placidly at work on his dictionary (not having advanced a letter since the old days), and Uriah Heep deep in Tidd's Practice. ("Oh, what a writer Mr. Tidd is, Mr. Copperfield!" . . . How familiar seems this house, with the hallowed sense of early dreams! I enter and lo! what graceful figure is this coming down the stair to meet me, a bunch of household keys jingling at her waist? What was it about Agnes Wickfield that made me associate her always with the peace and radiance of a stained-glass window? . . .

How the scar flamed out on Miss Dartle's pale cheek when Steerforth asked her to sing! . . . I hate that sneak Littimer, who always makes me feel as if I was too young (alas, too young!) . . . Yarmouth again and Steerforth with me, more handsome and fascinating and irresistible than ever. Yes, though he broke her heart, and mine, too—(I have never recovered from it!)—still do I forgive him for the old love I bore him. Let me keep the sacred pledge of my boyish faith, to remember him at his best, as he asked me to, that night when we left the old boat together and I marked something different in him; let me think of him as I loved to see him in our school days, lying asleep with his head on his arm. . . . So they found him after the great storm and wreck, lying at rest amid the ruins of the home he had wronged. . . .

Ours was the marsh country down by the sea, where I first saw the Convict, what time the guns were firing and the hulks lay at anchor near by. . . . Wasn't it kind of dear old Joe to put that inscription over his bad and worthless father—

> Whatsomever the failings on his part,
> Remember, reader, he had that good in his heart.

I saw that snorting old Pumblechook yesterday when I was on my way to

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Miss Havisham's—he always makes me feel guilty, as if he knew something bad about me. . . .

What a strange lady Miss Havisham is, and why does she stay, dressed all in white and covered with old bridal finery, in a room where candles burn always and from which the light of day is shut out? . . . Oh, Estella, Estella!—how beautiful she was to-day! How I love her, and how she wounds me with her disdain! Yet once I plucked up courage to ask her for a kiss, and she slapped me on the cheek—I feel the sting of it yet! But my turn came when I whipped the prowling boy behind the brewery wall, and she, unseen by us both, had watched the battle. "You may kiss me if you please," she said, with flushed cheek—how lovely she was in her conquered pride, and what a reward was mine! . . .

Ever the best of friends, ain't us, Pip? Dear old Joe! shall I ever forget when he came to see me at my lodgings in London and the trouble he had to keep his hat from falling? What a giant he was at the forge, though as gentle as a child! Surely Orlick soon found his master.

Beat it out, beat it out, old Clem,
With a clink to the stout, old Clem! . . .

Bentley Drummle came to Mr. Pocket's school when he was a head taller than that gentleman and several heads thicker than most young gentlemen . . . I cannot believe that Estella will marry that fool and brute. . . . He came up the stairway as I held the light for him and looked at me with a peculiar expression. . . . "When the colonists rode by me on their blooded horses I said to myself, I am making a better gentleman nor any of you." . . . How strange it was of Mr. Jaggers to ask his housekeeper to show us her hands! . . . Good God! Could it be possible that this convict, yet my benefactor, was Estella's father? . . . I went to the forge and it was strangely quiet. The house was closed. I walked toward the little church and suddenly I met them, Joe smiling and awkward in his Sunday clothes, Biddy in her best attire. "It is my wedding day and I am married to Joe!" . . .

A broad stream of light united the judge and the condemned, reminding some there present of that greater Judgment to which all alike were passing and which cannot err. Standing for a moment, a distinct speck in that sea of light, the prisoner said, "My lord, I have received my sentence from the hand of the Almighty, but I bow to yours." . . . A woman was sitting there alone—it was Estella! "We are friends?" I said. "Yes," she answered, "and will continue friends apart." I took her hand and we went out of the ruined churchyard together. The mists were rising as they rose on that morning long ago when I first left the forge. And in all the broad expanse of tranquil light they showed to me, I saw no shadow of another parting from her. . . .

Why, this must be Mr. Pecksniff's Architectooralooral Academy! I hear Mercy giggling on the stair. There is the portrait by Spiller, the bust by Spoker, and as I live, there is Tom Pinch still making a shamefaced attempt to learn the violin between the bedclothes. Poor Tom Pinch! Have I ever seen simple-hearted kindness and truth in the world without thinking of thee? Have I ever seen unctuous pretence and rascality without recalling thy master? And yet they say thy Cre-

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ator could not draw a character according to nature—the fools! . . .

Yo-ho—a race with the moon. I am making that famous journey with Tom Pinch by stage-coach to London. But lo! we have not gone far when we overhaul Nicholas and Smike on the road, fleeing to London, too, after thrashing Squeers and turning loose the tender youth of Dotheboys. Shall we make room for them?—well . . . But have a care, coachman, that Jonas Chuzzlewit shall not get a lift with us, for we have a dreadful suspicion of *Something* he left behind him in the wood. . . . Who were those two that crossed the road before us just then and slunk away in the shadow, a big hulking fellow and a boy?—I'll wager it was Bill Sykes and Oliver Twist going to crack a crib—more of Fagin's deviltry! . . . Yo-ho! the lights of London!—and here we are at last at London Bridge, where, quite giddy and breathless, we get down with Tom Pinch and the others—did I say that we had also picked up Codlin and Short, Mr. Scrooge and Tim Linkinwater, and a silent gentleman who cracked his joints incessantly?—I catch a glimpse of Rogue Riderhood slinking about his evil affairs and still wearing that old cap like a drowned dog. Drowned! that was the word in flaring black letters which stared from a dead wall—I saw John Harmon, muffled to the ears, stand before it a long time. . . . Now in the lighted city, and who of all strangely assorted beings of fact or fancy should I see in close conversation but Mr. Jarvis Lorry of Tellson's and Mr. Tulkinghorn of Lincoln's Inn Fields! No doubt they are talking about the strange disappearance of Lady Dedlock—I wonder if that boy limping past them, unheeded, who looks so like Poor Jo, could throw any light on it. . . . But what grotesque figures are these under the corner lamp, with bonneted heads, bobbing at each other in eager colloquy? My life! it's Miss Flite and Sairey Gamp (dear Mrs. Gamp! thou, too, art said to be of an unreal world, yet do I hold thee dearer than all the joyless realities of their realism). I catch a few words—"the man from Shropshire"—and I surmise they are gossiping about the strange end of that unfortunate suitor of Chancery, who dropped dead on his one thousandth interruption of the Court. . . .

Plash-water weir mill lock of a balmy summer's evening and a rough fellow dressed like a bargeman, with a red neckerchief, who looks strangely like the schoolmaster Bradley Headstone. Was that the careless, handsome Eugene Wrayburn who went on before? Hurry, for God's sake, ere murder be done—you have not seen that man, as I did, smash his desperate hand against a stone wall. Hark! a blow!—another!—a splash—we are too late. But look! Lizzie Hexam is there before us, rowing her boat with a firm nerve and practised skill. Now thanks to God for that old time, and let me but save his life, even though it be for another! . . .

At Dr. Blimber's select academy for young gentlemen, and Master Bitherstone has just asked me, in a crisis of wounded feeling, if I would please map out for him an easy overland route to Bengal. I listened distractedly, for my mind was fixed on the New Boy. And who is this tiny chap sitting sadly alone while the grave clock seems to repeat the Doctor's greeting: "How—is—my—lit-tle—friend, how—is—my—lit-

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tle—friend?" Oh, thou rejected of men and critics, let the world deny thee as it may, I call Heaven to witness that I was once as thou; that I wept true tears over thy young sorrows; that no child of my own house is more real to me than Paul Dombey. . . .

Mr. Richard Swiveller has just confided to me the extraordinary dilemma in which he finds himself—we were having a modest quencher, which induced the confidence. Mr. Swiveller's creditors have increased at such a rate that the principal thoroughfares are now closed to him, and in order to get only across the way, he is obliged to go into the country. I should have heard more on this interesting subject but for the sudden appearance, at the door, of a small person—Mr. Swiveller humorously called her the Marchioness—who made frantic gestures, importing that his presence was required in the establishment of Sampson Brass, Barrister-at-law. . . . Little Nell was dead. No sleep so calm and beautiful, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God—not one that had lived and suffered Death. . . . (And this, too, they have rejected, because, they say, it is blank verse!) . . .

Have you ever heard the legend of Bleeding Heart Yard, where Mr. Panks collects the rent and the Patriarch benevolently airs his bumps?—

> Bleeding heart, bleeding heart,
> Bleeding away!

Mrs. Plornish (who translates the Italian so elegantly) told it to me not long ago, but though it was very sad, I have forgotten it. Perhaps because I was watching the eager eyes of John Baptist Cavaletto and wondering what he knows about one Rigaud whose moustache goes up and whose nose comes down. . . . I am sure that if Arthur Clennam had not given his heart to the young lady, and there had been no such thing as her engagement to *Another*, the rain would still have behaved just as it did—that is, it would have fallen heavily, drearily. But oh! I did not think so then. . . .

"Amy, is Bob on the lock?" . . .

I see an old man with white hair standing at the head of a rich banquet table and looking strangely upon the two long lines of astonished guests. Then I see Her go swiftly to his side and lay her hand on his arm, without shame, proud of him, loving him. And in her true eyes I see the fulness of that love through which the human reaches the divine—that love which, among English writers, Charles Dickens has best figured and expressed. . . . "Ladies and gentleman, I am called the Father of the Marshalsea. It is, ahem, a title, hum, hum, I may say earned, ahem, earned, by a somewhat protracted period of, ahem, residence. On this account it is, ahem, customary for visitors and, hum, hum, students, to make me a little offering, which usually takes the form of, ahem, a slight pecuniary donation. This is my daughter, ladies and gentlemen. Born here, bred here!" . . .

The roaring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the rushing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, until the mass heaves like a great wave and flashes away. . . . Fifty-three!

They said about him in the city

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that night that his was the peacefulest man's face ever beheld there. . . . It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done. It is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known.

So they pass in review before my fond memory—the people of Dickens: a wonderful procession, fantastic, varied, extraordinary, not surely of this world, perhaps, but then of a better one—the magic realm of the master wizard of English story. And yet I am glad that I read him as a boy—that he belongs with so much else that is precious to the enchanted period of life. Rich as that genius was, and on many counts without a rival, one must I fear break with the charm when the illusions of youth are past. This is less the fault and loss of Dickens than our own.

Therefore, loving Dickens as I do, I am yet not ashamed to confess that since boyhood I have re-read but few of his books—one of these was the *Tale of Two Cities*, and either the drinker was changed or there was something alien in the draught. I do not own a set of them, not even the old Franklin Square novels, which, a ragged regiment, have long since fluttered away into that dear and irrecoverable country where lie the lost treasures of youth. So I can honestly say that in the foregoing pages I have jotted down, without art or method, and without reference to the books themselves, some memories still fresh after thirty-odd years—it is perhaps given to few authors to possess us with such lasting recollections. Yet if I were to lose all these, I should not be beggared: there would still remain a world of Dickens in my remembrance.

M-U-D

BY JOHN OXENHAM

This poem is to appear in "High Altars," Mr. Oxenham's new book describing the battle-fields of France and Flanders.

This is an Ode
To
M-U-D—Mud!
Mud the ubiquitous,
Mud the iniquitous,
Mud—you're the limit in life's vast adversities!
Mud the all-prevalent,
Mud the malevolent,
Mud! to the deuce with your ill-timed perversities!

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Mud, you most wretched old
Combine of wet and cold,
What were you made for, Mud?
Sure you weren't prayed for, Mud!
What is the use of you?—if this abuse of you
Could end the sluice of you—Mud, you'd be dud!
Ill-suppressed, chill-infest, de'il possessed Mud,
You're no good!
For it's—
Mud on the ground, and mud in the air,
And mud in your grub, and mud everywhere;
Mud in your mouth, and mud in your nose,
And mud in your boots, and mud 'twixt your toes,
And mud,—O my Tailor! the mud on your clo'es!
It's mud in your ears, and mud in your hair,
And mud in your tub, and mud—everywhere.
It's mud in your bread, and mud in your bed—
(If you happen to get one, I'll bet it's a wet one!)—
It's mud in your eyes, roight down to their sockets,
It's mud in your rifle, and mud in your pockets.
It's mud Cockney bykes with each kyke that he mykes,
And Taffy is fuller of mud than he likes.
Pat says, "Now, be jabers, it's worse than the pig!"
And Chow-Chow and Hindoo go out on fatigue.
It's mud on the mewels, and mud on the 'osses,
And mud in the graveyards, and mud on the crosses.
It's mud on the tractors, and mud on the bikes,
It's mud on Lord Topknot, and mud on Bill Sykes;
It's mud in the gutters, and mud on the dykes,
It's mud on the Scotties and mud on the Tykes;
You've mud in your tin-hat, and mud on your head,
You're mud while you're living, and mud when you're dead.
There's mud on your temper, and mud on your soul,
Just mud—the beginning, the end, and the whole.
And when you go dud to a new neighbourhood,
Then all that is left of you's buried in mud.
But the rest of you's clean; yes, the best of you's clean,
As it never has been since your face first was seen
In this quivering, slithering, gas-poisoned, withering, marrow-bone shivering
Land of dud mud.

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FEDERAL POWER AND THE PEOPLE

BY HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST
Former Commissioner of the District of Columbia

Through the courtesy of Mr. Henry Litchfield West, the following article has been taken from his forthcoming book, "Federal Power." Mr. West was formerly a Commissioner of the District of Columbia and has been a close student of American Government for many years, specially in its Federal aspects. Though only a résumé of part of his book, we think this assembling of facts will impress every reader who is at all interested in the soundness of our political government.—THE EDITOR.

THE extension of the power and authority of the Federal Government has been erroneously characterised as Federal usurpation. The dictionary definition of the word "usurpation" is "the act of seizing, or occupying and enjoying, the place, power, functions or property of another without right." This is not the situation as it exists in the United States to-day. Power and functions have been thrust upon executive officers, the visible impersonations of the Federal Government, by the representatives of the people in Congress assembled. Hamilton very properly observed, in the "Federalist" papers, that the fabric of the American empire ought to rest upon the solid basis of the consent of the people; and if the people consent to grant large powers to the Federal Government, those powers are legitimate and are not usurped.

Much of the Federal legislation enacted by Congress was based upon the doctrine of paramount necessity. This has not been, however, the only inspiring cause. There has been in the minds of the people an instinct, selfish though it might be, which has led them to gain for themselves all possible advantage through the extension of governmental functions. No one can analyse the appropriations made by Congress without being impressed by the fact that the people, through their representatives, have insisted upon the Federal revenues being diverted into channels which would insure the greatest good to the greatest number. Even Thomas Jefferson, stalwart opponent of Federalism as he was, could not resist the temptation offered by a surplus in the treasury in 1806, and suggested that the money be applied to "the great purposes of public education, roads, rivers, canals, and such other objects of public improvement as it may be thought proper." He doubted, however, the authority of Congress thus to dispose of the Federal funds and recommended an appropriate amendment to the Constitution. President Madison also called the attention of Congress to "the great importance of establishing throughout our country the roads and canals which can best be executed under National authority," and while he lauded the efforts of the States, pointed out that "National jurisdiction and National means" would be more effective. He recognised, as Jefferson

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did, a constitutional defect against carrying his programme into effect, and later vetoed a bill which had passed Congress to use Federal funds for internal improvements, holding that the power to regulate commerce did not include the power to construct roads and canals, nor improve the navigation of water courses. He expressed the belief, also, "that the permanent success of the Constitution depends upon a definite partition of powers between the General and the State Governments." President Monroe vetoed in 1822, upon the same grounds, "An act for the preservation and repair of the Cumberland Road;" in 1830 President Jackson vetoed the Maysville turnpike bill, the first of a series of vetoes of internal improvement bills; and as late as 1847 President Polk vetoed a river and harbour bill. The men in Congress who shared these views introduced amendments to the Constitution by which they sought to confer upon Congress the power which seemed to be a matter of doubt.

No concerted effort was, however, put forth toward securing the adoption of these proposed amendments and, in the meantime, the door of the Federal treasury stood invitingly open. The desire to benefit from the expenditure of Federal funds overcame all scruples. A popular pressure which could not be withstood finally led Congress to embark upon a policy which, up to the present time, has resulted in the expenditure of nearly $1,000,000,000 for river and harbour improvements alone. It has not been unusual for appropriation bills of this character to aggregate as much as $80,000,000 in a single year and for the enjoyment of participating in the distribution of this vast amount of Federal wealth, the States eagerly welcome the presence of Federal agents within their boundaries and hasten to demonstrate the navigability of streams which are only deep enough to float barges and logs. The construction of public buildings has been another favourite method of securing the expenditure of Federal funds within State borders, only a few brave and conscientious spirits questioning the honesty of wholesale raids upon the National Treasury. Outside of Congress, the river and harbour bills and the public building bills are characterised as "pork," and well deserve the name. The point to be emphasised, however, is that the idea of legitimatising these appropriations by the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution has been utterly forgotten, because if the people's representatives decide that these expenditures are to be made, who shall say them nay?

A well-filled Federal treasury invites a multitude of appropriations. It is the money of the people, and the representatives of the people spend it for their constituents. Who are these constituents? The rural population of the United States, according to the last census, was over 48,000,000, of whom 25,000,000 were males, while the urban was only 42,000,000. In the fact that a very large proportion of the electorate of this country resides in rural districts is to be found the convincing reason for the extension of governmental functions in behalf of the agriculturist. The golden bait of getting something for nothing is dangled before the eyes of the farmers by vote-seeking Congressmen and the farmers, in turn, quite willingly forget the duties which the State owes

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to its citizens as they share in the benefits of Federal activities. The Department of Agriculture, which is the executive division of the government most intimately connected with the farming class, has developed with hot-house rapidity under the nurture of Federalistic sentiment. The figures tell the story. In 1894, the division of botany in the Department of Agriculture cost $8,600 per annum, while twenty years later the appropriations for the Bureau of Plant Industry aggregated over $2,000,000. The expenditures of the Bureau of Forestry increased during the same period from $7,280 to considerably in excess of $5,000,000. The Bureau of Chemistry is comparatively a new creation, but this does not prevent it from spending over $1,000,000 a year, mainly for the enforcement of the pure food law. Meat inspection, a responsibility from which the States have been relieved, also costs $1,000,000 annually. Consideration for the welfare of the people is undoubtedly within the sphere of government, but it is certain that the founders of this republic never contemplated the degree of intimate regard for the individual which is now apparent. The vast sums expended by Federal agents concern every detail of farm life—not only as to advising the farmer as to the care of his animals and plants, including ornamental shrubs, and an inquiry into the diseases of ginseng, but how to bale and wrap his cotton, cure his tobacco and market his eggs. We have certainly reached a remarkable stage in our national existence when a Southern Democrat can announce upon the floor of the House, with apparent satisfaction, that "five hundred and thirty-five hog pastures were built in Georgia under the plan of the Federal Department of Agriculture."

Another striking instance of bureaucratic growth is the Bureau of Standards. In its inception, a little more than twenty years ago, this office consisted of an adjuster, a mechanician, a messenger and a watchman. To-day this Bureau expends nearly one million dollars per annum, is housed in costly buildings surrounded by extensive grounds, and its duties range from investigating the danger to life and property due to the transmission of electric currents at high potentials, to determining the fire-resisting properties of building materials. The people, through Congress, have granted these large sums and authorised these unusual governmental duties on the theory, apparently, that the work is for the public welfare and cannot, or will not, be undertaken by the States. Certainly no other reason can be advanced, for instance, for taking out of the Federal treasury $400,000 in a single year for the sole purpose of eradicating the cattle tick. The most notable advance in recent years, however, is in the rural free delivery mail service. Nobody questions the fact that postal matters are within the jurisdiction of the Federal Government, but this one item demonstrates how great a single branch of public service can become. In the post-office appropriation bill for 1894 appears a modest appropriation of $10,000 to be applied, under the direction of the Postmaster General, to experimental free delivery in rural communities other than towns and villages. The post-office appropriation bill for the current year carries for this experiment of two decades

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ago the enormous sum of nearly $55,000,000.

So enlarged have the powers and duties of the Federal Government become that the Civil Service Commission, which in 1894 consisted of three commissioners and a dozen clerks, is now a most pretentious Bureau, requiring several hundred clerks and a large executive staff to handle the examination papers of the army of government employees. The field force of the Commission alone to-day costs more than the entire expense of the organisation in 1894. The enforced growth of the Federal power also creates a constant demand for new Departments. Two have been established in recent years, the latest being the Department of Labour, while a Department of Health is being earnestly advocated. These Departments naturally increased the number of Bureaus. In the Department of Commerce, a comparatively new institution, there are the Bureau of Corporations, the Bureau of Lighthouses, the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, the Bureau of Fisheries, the Bureau of Navigation, the Bureau of Mines and several others. There are scores upon scores of Bureaus in connection with the eleven Departments of the Government, and Government inspectors or officials of various kinds now number thousands where, a few years ago, they could be counted by the score. In view of this, it is impossible not to recall the fact that one of the complaints against King George III in the Declaration of Independence was in these words:

> He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent thither swarms of officers, to harass our people and eat out our substance.

What is to be said to-day, when a multitude of new offices is being erected every year and when swarms of officers are maintained at enormous cost upon the public treasury? Of course, in the days of our forefathers, the objectionable officers were imposed upon the people by a monarch against their will. To-day the offices are created by laws enacted by the representatives of the people, the latter being now apparently quite willing to be harassed and to allow their substance to go into the pockets of Federal officials.

The end is not yet. It is practically certain, for example, that within the next ten years the Bureau of Education, now a modest attachment of the Department of the Interior, will reach colossal size. There is in Congress a growing belief that the dispensing of education in wholesale fashion is a governmental duty, without regard to the efforts put forth, or the facilities provided by, the States. It is true that the House of Representatives, after an entire day spent in debate, declined to pass a measure which directed the Commissioner of Education to investigate illiteracy among the adult population of the United States and report upon the means by which this illiteracy might be reduced or eliminated; but defeat was only made possible by the opposing influence of the all-powerful chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, Mr. Fitzgerald, of New York, who protested against "a movement which, if continued and not stopped, means an entire change in our system of government, a practical subordination of State and local governments, if not the elimination of local self-government in this country, and the building up of a great Federalised

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central government, which I believe is the greatest menace to this country." The defeat of this particular measure will not dishearten those who, despite Mr. Fitzgerald's warning, would indefinitely extend governmental activities. There have been propositions in Congress to appropriate $1,000,000 annually for a teachers' training fund, to be distributed proportionately among the States for the purpose of preparing teachers to give vocational instruction in agriculture, the trades and industries and home economics; to take $17,000,000 annually out of the Federal treasury for the maintenance of instruction in the same subjects in grade schools, normal schools and colleges throughout the United States; and for the Federal Government to undertake a general education survey of the United States and its possessions, although the author of the latter measure, with a qualm of State rights' conscience, is willing to have States and localities bear half the expense when they co-operate with the Federal Commissioner of Education. Many other educational schemes have been introduced in Congress—the establishment of an elementary industrial school in the Appalachian mountains and the creation of educational parental courts, for instance,—and the number is certain to be increased in the near future. It is a conservative prediction to say that some of them will be enacted into laws. If the Federal Government can go into the States to afford aid to the individual farmer; if it can insure the purity of every article of food manufactured within a State border; if it can carry our parcels and take care of our surplus earnings, it can certainly undertake universal education. The argument of the greatest good to the greatest number, regardless of Constitutional limitations or State jurisdiction, will prevail in the future as it has in the past. Very extravagant may seem the propositions just cited, but they are not more so than actual laws and appropriations recently enacted, and the scope of which, ten or twenty years ago, would have been regarded as beyond imagination.

There is one phase of Federal power which, although granted by the people through their representatives, is still, in the minds of many, open to serious question. This is the reservation for future use of enormous tracts of land in the western States. The law which empowered the President to set apart "public lands wholly or in part covered with undergrowth, whether of commercial value or not, as public reservations," was, at first, administered in restricted fashion; but, during Roosevelt's administration, the principle of conservation was carried by him to such a degree that Congress passed a law forbidding further forest reservations to be made in Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, Washington or Oregon, without its consent. President Roosevelt, aware that this prohibition would pass Congress, circumvented its purpose by reserving additional areas aggregating 30,000,000 acres during the ten days intervening after the Congressional enactment had been presented to him for approval. There have now been withdrawn 192,000,000 acres under the Forest Reserve Act, and innumerable forest rangers and other Federal agents now populate the western country and compel obedience to Federal regulations. Under laws enacted by the representatives of the people the imposition

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upon the western States has gone much further. Various statutes, which need not be recited in detail, tax the natural resources of the public domain through leases of grazing, oil, phosphate, asphaltum, coal and mineral lands for the benefit of the Federal treasury, while power plants are made to pay a royalty to the Federal Government for each horsepower generated by falling water. In Colorado no less than 15,000,000 acres of land have been set aside as forest reserves, while 10,000,000 acres of coal land have been withdrawn from entry or a leasing value set upon them so high as to make their utilisation prohibitive. This vast territory is equal to the area covered by the entire States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire and Rhode Island. In Oregon over 16,000,000 acres and in Washington more than 10,000,000 acres are under Federal dominion, with no possibility of the States enjoying the benefit therefrom. The attitude of these States is naturally one of protest against alleged injustice. Their citizens point to the acts which enabled them to form a State government and which provided that "the State, when formed, shall be admitted into the Union upon an equal footing with the original States in all respect whatever," and claim a violation of these statutes because the advantages possessed by the original States have been denied to them. Not only has the growth of population been greatly retarded by making settlement difficult and restricting the area for home-builders to occupy, but, inasmuch as no taxes can be collected upon lands owned by the United States, the revenue, as well as the resources of the States, have been seriously impaired. It is pointed out, for instance, that the natural resources of Pennsylvania are not taxed by the Federal Government, but accrue to the benefit of the State and its citizens, whereas in the western States the Federal Government levies and collects the tax. It is no wonder that in States where the Federal Government exercises so much control there is a feeling of resentment, or that the assertion that these conditions represent a degree of interference in local affairs never before attempted in this country finds a responsive echo within their borders.

BROADENING THE FEDERAL FIELD

When experiments had become experiences, the area of Federal control broadened with tremendous rapidity. A flood of Federal legislation descended upon the country, sweeping everything before it. With breadth and impetus the flood has now swept over the intervening State barriers and is still moving onward with irresistible force.

These enactments have come as the logical outcome of events. The public mind has become completely saturated with a feeling of absolute faith in the efficacy of Federal power. Propositions that a few years ago would have been ridiculed are now accepted with composure and even cordiality, the mastery attained over railroad and other corporations having whetted the public appetite for further conquests. Naturally there was no hesitation when, in response to an imperative demand, the suggestion was made that the Federal power might be successfully employed in suppressing the traffic in women for immoral purposes. The so-called White Slave Act is an attempt on the part of the Federal

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Government to lessen immorality by burdening vice with conditions and punishments which make its practice difficult. The statute was an evolution. As long ago as 1875 a Federal act made it illegal to import women for immoral purposes; but not being wholly effective, another law was passed in 1907. As this contained an unconstitutional provision, it was later amended. It did not remedy the evil. There was still a traffic in women which neither Federal nor State law had been able to reach. Once again, therefore, the Federal power was called into requisition and by an ingenious scheme the reform was accomplished under the comprehensive authority given to Congress to regulate commerce among the several States. The act, as finally approved, forbids the transporting, or obtaining transportation for, in interstate or foreign commerce, any woman or girl for the purpose of prostitution or debauchery, or for any other immoral purpose; and the Supreme Court has already decided that the transportation need not be in or by an interstate carrier. Persuading, inducing, enticing or coercing any woman or girl to go from one State to another for an immoral purpose is prohibited under heavy penalties. The law, however, goes still further. The mere intent or purpose, verbally expressed, on the part of any person to have a woman or girl engage in immorality is classed as a felony. This section of the law was severely criticised as bringing a purely mental operation under the domain of interstate commerce; and it was also questioned whether conversation could be regarded as being within the meaning of the word "commerce" in the Constitution. On the other hand, it was argued that if the transportation of lottery tickets could be prohibited, not because pieces of paper were in themselves harmful, but because of the injurious connection between them and the entire scheme of the lottery, the interstate transportation of women for the purposes of immorality could also be made illegal. It was shown, too, that the Supreme Court had held that solicitation of business for a firm outside of its own State was a part of interstate commerce. It was not the arguments as to the constitutionality of the proposed law, however, which determined its enactment. It was the fact that the so-called White Slave traffic "shocked the moral sense of the nation," and the people, through their representatives, were bent upon its abolition, even if the power of the Federal Government had to be invoked in devious ways. The fact that the United States Supreme Court has upheld the law in at least four decisions will further stimulate the exercise of the Federal power in overcoming the next evil which arouses nation-wide condemnation.

Not only do men and women crossing State borders pass under the control of the Federal Government, but even the birds that fly through the air have been placed in the same category. In a law approved March 3, 1913, making appropriations for the Department of Agriculture, is a clause which declares that all migratory and insectivorous birds which do not remain permanently throughout the entire year in any State or Territory, "shall hereafter be deemed within the custody and protection of the Government of the United States, and shall not be destroyed or taken contrary to regulations hereinafter

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provided for." These regulations have been promulgated by the Department of Agriculture, and fine or imprisonment is the punishment of any person convicted of their violation. A provision in the law, not devoid of sarcastic humour, asserts "that nothing herein contained shall be deemed . . . to prevent the States and Territories from enacting laws and regulations to promote and render efficient the regulations of the Department of Agriculture provided under this act." In other words, the moment the President of the United States made this statute effective by affixing his signature of approval, that moment all the game laws of all the States were wiped out of existence. In their stead was erected a series of regulations framed by a Federal official at Washington. So completely has the Federal authority supplanted the authority of the States in this particular that recently, when citizens and landowners in South Carolina desired to shoot ducks in that State during a certain month, they were compelled to confer with the Chief of the Biological Survey in Washington, an appointed official paid a salary of $3,500 a year, in order to obtain the necessary permission, even though the season in which they desired to indulge in the sport was legal according to their State laws. Two reasons seem to have actuated the representatives of the people in Congress in this complete surrender of State sovereignty—first, that unless birds are safeguarded the injury done by insects will increase and that this protection could not be accorded except by the Federal Government owing to "the multiplicity of State laws and the divergence of their provisions." The profundity of the argument brought to bear upon the Senate is shown in the favourable report made to that body upon the bill. "But for the vegetation the insects would perish," it says, "and but for the insects the birds would perish, and but for the birds the vegetation would be utterly destroyed." Thus was rhythm and logic happily combined; while it was also soberly quoted in the debate, as another reason for a Federal law, that although Texas makes the killing of a robin an offence punishable by a fine of five dollars, the law is not enforced by the State, wherefore the heavy hand of Federal authority must be laid not only upon Texas but upon every other State in the Union. As against such arguments as these, the serious presentation of State jurisdiction under the Constitution was naturally unavailing. In vain was it urged that the blackbird or the crow that wings its flight across the blue vault of heaven has neither consignor nor consignee, and is not, therefore, interstate commerce; or that the Federal Government has no police power in the States for the protection of its property not on Federal ground; or that it was preposterous to suppose that a barefoot boy could be arrested, taken before a Federal judge, and fined or imprisoned for an act which was not in violation of any local statute. Judicial determination of the constitutionality of this act is now pending in the United States Supreme Court in the case of the United States, plaintiff in error, vs. Harvey C. Shauver; but, in the meantime, the House of Representatives has reaffirmed the law and has made it operative by granting to the Federal Government a generous appropriation for its enforcement.

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It is not surprising that an effort is now being made to place migratory fishes under Federal control, so that even the Mississippi catfish may ere long swim proudly under government protection. This seems absurd; and yet it must not be forgotten that if Federal protection is extended over the fishes, it will be done by the formal enactment of a law by the representatives of the people. It may have been, in the matter of the bird legislation, that the Federal official whose duties are chiefly ornithological was unduly active in creating sentiment favourable to the law; but the fact remains that his efforts would have been in vain if they had not been sanctioned by the branch of the Government which represents the people.

Another striking and most unusual instance of the exercise of Federal power was presented in the Congressional investigations of purely local strike conditions in West Virginia, Michigan and Colorado. It will be remembered that President Cleveland directed United States troops to be employed in an effort, during the strike of railroad employees in Chicago, to insure the safe and uninterrupted transit of the United States mail, the local authorities being apparently unable to cope with the situation. There was justification for Mr. Cleveland's action. The conditions in Paint Creek, West Virginia, in the spring of 1913 were by no means analogous. There was trouble between the coal miners and the mine owners, but no Federal function suffered violation or interference. However, in order to find an excuse for conducting a Federal inquiry into a State condition, the Senate Committee on Education and Labour was solemnly directed to proceed to Paint Creek and discover "whether or not postal services have been or are being interfered with or obstructed in said coal fields:" and "whether or not the immigration laws of this country have been or are being violated, and whether there were any agreements or combinations entered into contrary to the laws of the United States; and, finally, if any or all of these conditions exist, to investigate and report upon the causes leading to such conditions." Altogether unavailing was the assertion of the Senators from West Virginia that the State authorities were competently handling the situation. Equally futile was the charge that the resolution of authorisation offered only a thinly clad excuse for an unwarranted Federal interference. The resolution was adopted and the Federal committee started upon its mission of inquiry. Its report was not submitted for a year. In the meantime, the strike had been settled; but the upholders of the doctrine of Federal control cited the presence of the Federal committee in the strike region as a powerful factor in restoring peace and order. The basis of the inquiry into the strike situations in the copper district of Michigan and the coal fields of Colorado was identical with that set forth in the Paint Creek resolution; and the House of Representatives having ordered the investigations, the congressional committees visited the respective localities, not hesitating to summon local and State officials and question them as to the reason for the existing conditions. As a result of the inquiry, the request has been made that strikebreakers be barred from going from one State to another, which is a new application of the authority to regulate commerce.

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There may be some question as to the propriety of Federal invasion of State territory when there is not even *prima facie* evidence that any detail of Federal administration is involved; but there is no disputing the fact that the invaders went armed with a mandate from all the people, issued through their representatives. It must be admitted, therefore, that the Federal investigators neither violated nor usurped power. They acted in accordance with law, enacted by those to whom the authority to make laws had been duly delegated by the people.

The fight over the so-called Child Labour Law was lengthy and bitterly contested. The opposition to its enactment came mainly from the Southern States, for two reasons—first, because it is in the South that the doctrine of States' rights is finding its last citadel, and, second, because in that section child labour is very largely used. The doctrine of paramount necessity, however, again prevailed and the measure became a law. In this case, as in many others, the desired result was attempted through indirection. It was manifestly futile to propose a law to supplant directly the legislation of a State, but it seemed possible to forbid the interstate shipment of any product of a mine or quarry upon which a child under sixteen years of age had laboured or the product of any mill, cannery, workshop, factory or manufacturing establishment whereon children under the age of fourteen years, or children between the ages of fourteen and sixteen years, had laboured, except that in the latter case employment during eight hours between 6 A.M. and 7 P.M. was permitted. This prohibition sought to accomplish a change imperatively demanded by existing conditions: and although the Supreme Court of the United States, by the narrow majority of five to four, has declared the law unconstitutional, there is no doubt that Congress will amend the act so as to overcome this adverse decision. The reasons which have compelled the enactment of beneficent and humane Federal laws obtain with especial force in the matter of child labour and eventually the proposed and necessary reform will be accomplished.

Another wide application of Federal power is embodied in the Federal Farm Loan Act, which was approved July 17, 1916. This law was inspired by the fact that while bank loans could be obtained upon stocks and bonds of approved security, the farmer was financially handicapped because he owned nothing but his land. It is not necessary here to review the four years of agitation which preceded the enactment of the law nor to rehearse the obvious arguments which were advanced by those who favoured the legislation. Suffice it to say that, it being apparently taken for granted that the States have neither the desire nor the ability to provide for the financial needs of the farmers within their borders, there is now a Federal Farm Loan Board, consisting of five members, including the Secretary of the Treasury, who is chairman *ex officio*. This Board has divided the United States into twelve districts and has established Federal land banks, each with a subscribed capital of not less than $750,000. National farm loan associations have also been organised under the provisions of the act, and, in fact, thousands of needy farmers have already been accom-

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modated with funds. In view of the certainty that the operations of these Federal banks will extend into every community it is quite evident that the country will now witness in widespread fashion another demonstration of the beneficence of Federal power when exercised for the general good. It is really not a far cry from these Federal farm loan banks to the governmental pawnshops maintained for the poor by France and Mexico. If for the stockholder and bondholder the government can provide a method of borrowing; and if the same advantage can be accorded the owner of land, there is no reason why equal consideration should not be given to the citizen who can only pledge his personal effects. The whole transaction is merely one of degree.

The bold stroke by which Congress established eight hours as a day's work on every railroad in the United States, except those less than one hundred miles in length or street or interurban roads operated by electricity, is another extension of Federal power not to be lightly considered. The importance of the enactment is not alone in the fact that Congress can, almost over-night, effect an industrial revolution, but in its demonstration that we too often do our national thinking in terms of politics—a lesson which is serious enough if we are to continue moving forward along present lines. The demand of the 2,000,000 employees, known in railroad circles as the Four Brotherhoods, for the legal establishment of an eight-hour day was coupled with the threat of a nation-wide strike and that, too, with a presidential election only sixty days distant. It was manifestly fatal for the Administration in power, from a political point of view, for either the strike to occur or for the Brotherhoods to fail in their desire. Consequently the law was hastily framed and passed with equal precipitancy, being approved by the President on September 3, 1916. The oft-repeated experiment of utilising interstate commerce as the agency to make the law effective was resorted to, as it can be at any time in the future when the organised employees of the railroads decide to formulate additional demands, especially as the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that in the Constitutional right to "regulate commerce" is embraced the authority to specify hours of labour. Nor is it necessary to confine the outlook to railroad employees alone. Any class of men, sufficiently numerous and organised, can secure the same result. With a demagogue in the White House truckling for votes in order to secure his re-election, and with a Congress of cowardly politicians equally desirous of catering to those upon whom their position depends, we might easily be confronted with a menacing situation. The path which has been opened by the passage of the eight-hour law is a wide one and no one can tell whither it will lead. Not so long ago some of the States enacted what are known as "full-crew" railroad laws, but in other States similar measures were defeated. There is nothing to prevent a Federal law being enacted which will fasten the desired legislation upon all the States. All social and industrial reforms may be accomplished in the same manner. Woman Suffrage, with women wielding the ballot in more than twenty States, must be seriously regarded. When the women voters desire to invoke Federal power in be-

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half of altruistic principles and back their appeal with promise of support or threat of antagonism at the polls, the laws which they propose may be enacted, and the units which we now designate by the name of States may find themselves more atrophied than ever.

Perhaps, after all, the climax of Federalism is to be found in the so-called Federal Reserve Act. Under this law, which has reformed the currency system of the country, a Federal Reserve Board has been appointed. It consists of seven members, of whom two are the Secretary of the Treasury and the Comptroller of the Currency. The other five are named by the President and confirmed by the Senate. As all the national banks are required by the law to enter the Federal Reserve system or forfeit their charters, with the privilege of similar affiliation accorded to State banks and trust companies, the entire monetary system of the country is thus placed in the control of seven men, all of whom are, in turn, appointees, and to that extent creatures, of the President. The total capitalisation of the seven thousand five hundred and seventy-nine national banks thus brought together is over $1,000,000,000. Their deposits reach the tremendous aggregate of $22,882,000,000 additional and this amount will be enormously increased by the receipts of the Government which are now deposited in the reserve banks instead of the Federal Treasury. Here, then, are seven men, located in the national capital, agents of the Federal Government, in full control of many billions of dollars. While the wisdom of legalising this enormous power seems now unquestioned, it is appropriate to recall the memorable fight made by Andrew Jackson against the Bank of the United States. There is a difference, of course, between that institution and the Federal Reserve banks controlled by the Federal Reserve Board, because the former was a private concern, even though chartered by Congress, while the latter are directly under Government control. At the same time, the words of Andrew Jackson are not altogether without bearing upon the present situation. His struggle against the Bank was based upon his antagonism to the control of a vast amount of wealth by a certain few; yet the Bank of the United States dealt with millions where the Federal Reserve Board has to do with billions. The Bank of the United States, as Jackson pointed out, "possessed the power to make money plentiful or scarce at its pleasure at any time or at any place by controlling the issues of other banks and permitting an expansion or compelling a general contraction of the circulating medium according to its will." This criticism applies with equal force to the Federal Reserve Board. It was also Jackson's opinion that "to give the President the control over the currency and the power over individuals now possessed by the Bank of the United States, even with the material difference that he is responsible to the people, would be as objectionable and dangerous as to leave it where it is." It is not a far cry from this declaration of Jackson to the system now enacted into law; and a feeling of anxiety naturally arises at the thought that some day there may be in the White House a President who would convert the Federal Reserve Board into an instrument for the accomplishment of

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his revenge or the furtherance of his ambition. Upon these seven men there rests a great responsibility. They can use the Federal power, as no other men can, to press the sensitive money nerve of the nation; and yet it must be emphasised that this power was granted by the representatives of the people. It is true that the legislation which authorised it was recommended and urged with much insistence by the President, but it was not incumbent upon Congress to heed unwillingly the Presidential demand. Whether the control of billions of dollars by Federal agents is to be for good or ill, the representatives of the people are responsible and the people themselves must accept the consequences.

As an evidence that we have not reached the limit of the application of Federal power, innumerable measures are introduced in each succeeding session of Congress pointing the way to further extensions. For instance, Maryland, West Virginia, Rhode Island, New Jersey and New York having adopted State laws to eliminate idleness, and these laws having been executed with some degree of success, it is now proposed, through Federal legislation to apply the same idea to the entire nation. There are also propositions to punish the false advertisement of any security or commodity which enters into interstate commerce; to establish uniform prices for uniform commodities; to attach a Federal label to all fabrics and leather goods; to provide for the Federal inspection and grading of grain; and to fix the size of fruit baskets. The National Wage Commission bill has many advocates. It provides that the President shall appoint a wage commissioner for each Congressional district in the United States to investigate every complaint of alleged insufficient, inequitable or unjust wage. This, of course, would be Federal interference, supervision and control to the last degree. Senator Chilton, of Texas, has seriously proposed that the Federal Government shall establish a minimum wage of nine dollars per week for all females employed by persons, firms or corporations doing an interstate commerce business. Another proposition defines and regulates investment companies authorised to use the mail and makes the very act of using the mails a sufficient foundation for bringing any person, firm or corporation within the sphere of Federal control.

These instances could be indefinitely multiplied. They illustrate the tendency of the times. There is absolutely no limit to the phases which invite the application of Federal authority, apart from any question of war emergency. Congress has already gone far; but judging the future from the past, it has only touched the edges of the great domain wherein Federal power may be exerted. No one can examine the record of the laws already passed, nor scan the list of measures awaiting action, without realising that popular approval is bestowed upon every effort to invoke Federal aid in the securement of beneficent results.

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A CURIOSITY IN BEST-SELLER TECHNIQUE

BY CLAIR KENAMORE

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT has written novels which have been sold to the extent of seven million copies. I had read some of them and examined them carefully, but I was unable to discover the reason for their great popularity. Why did so many people read them? I could not tell, so I sought out Mr. Wright and asked him what he thought about it.

He did not say precisely that the same question had bothered him, but he was willing to join in an investigation.

We cast out several likely looking reasons at the start.

Because they were great works of art? I declared against this.

Because they were attractively and insinuatingly presented to the public. He vetoed this. It obviously could not have been kept up for seven million copies.

A dozen other hypotheses were offered and rejected.

"Maybe it's what I put in 'em," the author suggested mildly.

I could not see this. Other writers use the same sort of characters, scenes and incidents, as good or better plots, and more attractive styles, but their books fall flat. When they are successful, they sell but a fraction of a Wright book sales.

"Possibly it is the way they are put together," he advanced. "Two ships may be built on the same lines, the same design, the same size, the same material, the same rigging and spread of canvas, but when they put to sea, one will sail right away from the other. Sailors say it is because of the unseen, unknown-of things in the making."

It was a luring idea. Virtually everybody who reads or writes has asked, with reference to Harold Bell Wright, some variant of the question: "How does he do it?"

His readers doubtless wonder how he keeps up to the mark. His colleagues in book-sellers' windows ask: "How *can* he do it?" Earnest literary critics ask why he is permitted to do it. A Sunday-like pall of pessimism settles over grave editorial offices when a new Wright book comes out, and the already dark future of American literature becomes hopeless when the new book joins the best sellers in Boston.

"Very well, how do you do it, Mr. Wright? How do you put a novel together?"

"Come down to the yards. The plans of the latest paper boat are still there, and the ways from which she was launched."

We went to the study. It is a big khaki-coloured tent with celluloid windows. The walls roll up like awnings. It stands on an exposed headland overlooking the high valley in which is Tucson, Arizona. Half a gale of wind cracked the fly like a whip. It is no place for a sensitive artistic soul to weave airy fancies.

"The system I use may have been employed for centuries, or it may be no one else has ever used it," Mr. Wright said. "I have wondered whether it is new or old. Whichever it may be, here it is. Help yourself.

"When I start to write a novel,

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the first thing I do is to figure out why I am going to write it. Not *what* is the story, but *why?* I mull this over a while, and when it is pretty straight in my mind, I write out an argument. Here is the argument for *When a Man's a Man.* It was written, you understand, for myself only, and may be a little heavy. It is not in the style I would have employed if I had intended it for public consumption. Any person who has read the book will, I believe, be able to see that its foundation is in this Argument."

ARGUMENT.

1. *Character of Man.*

The characteristics which distinguish man, the human animal, from the mere animal are, chiefly, intellectual consciousness and perception, and the higher intellectual emotions and sentiment.

The characteristics which man has in common with the mere animal are, chiefly, the functions and instincts of animal life.

2. *Vital Principle.*

The Vital Principle of those characteristics which distinguish Man, the human animal, from the mere animal, is identical with the Vital Principle of those characteristics which man has in common with the mere animal.

3. *Vital Principle Destroyed.*

The characteristics which man has in common with the mere animal being the basic characteristics of the man-life—the fundamental and essential elements in which the physical, social, intellectual and spiritual life of the race is rooted, any agency that tends to weaken and destroy the vital principle of those characteristics, weakens and destroys as surely those characteristics which distinguish man from the mere animal.

4. *Destructive Agencies—Intellectual.*

The over-emphasis placed upon pursuits and achievements of a purely intellectual nature (however worthy in themselves) tends to ignorance of the truth that without the vital principle of those characteristics—not primarily intellectual but physical—which man has in common with the mere animal, the intellectual pursuits and achievements are themselves impossible and is, therfore, destructive to the physical, intellectual and spiritual life of the race.

5. *Destructive Agencies, Luxuries, etc.*

The over-valuation placed by this age upon enervating luxuries and devitalising pleasures, the idle dependence of wealth not earned, the abnormal craving for a social position that is not based upon worthy achievement or acquired strength of character, the ignoble pride of being served instead of the noble consciousness of serving, and the substitution of these weakening agencies in the mind of the people for the vital principle of manhood with the consequent upholding of them to the youth as the chief purpose and end of all human endeavour, denies the vital principle of the man-life and is, therefore, destructive to the physical, intellectual and spiritual life of the race.

6. *Characteristics of Manhood as Such.*

The characteristics which distinguish man from the mere animal are not the distinguishing characteristics of manhood as such. The characteristics which distinguish manhood as such are those characteristics which man has in common with the mere animal. Social position, culture, possessions or intellectual

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achievements do not, in themselves, evidence strength of manhood, nor are they essential to manhood as such.

7. *Man's Instinctive Regard for Manhood as Such.*

The instinctive regard for those characteristics which distinguish manhood as such, separate and apart from social position, culture, possessions, or mere intellectual achievement, is closely related to the instinct for self-preservation, which is universal in the human race and which man has in common with the mere animal.

8. *Appeal of Sex.*

Man, the male, normally makes his strongest appeal to woman through those characteristics which distinguish manhood as such—separate and apart from social position, culture, possessions or even intellectual achievements.

9. *Racial Self-preservation and Error of the Age.*

The instinct which in normal woman directs her to yield to those characteristics of man which distinguish manhood as such is the racial instinct for racial self-preservation. The denying by woman of this instinct and the substitution of the destructive influences as the determining factor in mating is contrary to those laws of nature that govern the mating and perpetuation of all life. It is the fundamental error of this age, and the prime cause of the many social evils that threaten the life of the race.

10. *Motif of Story.*

It shall be the purpose of this novel to arouse and foster this instinctive regard for the essential qualities or characteristics of manhood as such; to warn against the over-emphasis placed upon pursuits and achievements of a purely intellectual nature in so far as these pursuits and achievements ignore the destructive character of manhood; to deny the valuation placed by this age upon the destructive forces that attack this fundamental and essential in which the life of the race is rooted; and to affirm that the mating of human kind must be governed by the natural laws that have their origin in the vital principle of those characteristics which man has in common with the mere animal.

"No suggestion of a plot yet, you see," Mr. Wright said when the reading of the argument ended. "No incidents, scenes, location, nothing done so far except the argument, but it is the heart and soul of the novel. The novel is merely this argument presented through the medium of characters, plot, incidents, and the other properties of the story.

"This story might have been a sea tale, if my knowledge of the sea and ships had been complete enough to place it there. Every character might have been changed, and still the essential story might have been told just as satisfactorily and effectively.

"Next come the characters, each one standing for some element or factor in the argument. Up to the last copying of the *Eyes of the World*, not a character had been named. They were called in the copy, Greed, Ambition, Youth, or whatever they represented to me in the writing of the story.

"To become closely acquainted with the characters, I write for each one a character card, and a character history card. This last includes a biography of the person, usually beginning before his birth,

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and covering his life up to his appearance in the story. I work over these until I feel that I know the person intimately, and that he is a logical character. Something in his history or nature must account for his every action in the story. Thus I know what he would do under any given circumstances.

"These characters in the story bear the same relation to one another as do the elements they represent in the argument, which, to my mind, is the relation of the life forces which they represent. The germ of the plot lies somewhere in here. It is not an inspiration, but a logical growth. The plot, with me, never is the reason for the story. The argument is that. As to the 'story for the story's sake,' nothing is farther from my mind.

"With the close acquaintance with the characters, the plot assumes form. The various persons with their different ways and views, hopes and ambitions and fears, must create problems and situations which suggest the beginning of a still unformed plot. The plot is a growth or development, slow or rapid, which may string itself all through the preparation for the writing.

"If incidents insist on intruding themselves while I am working on the characters, I make notes of them and go ahead with the work in the manner laid down.

"Next comes the construction, as I call it. First I lay out four divisions, as it seems to me that every well-built novel must be divided into four divisions. Each division card leads its squad on the screen where I work on them."

The divisions are as follows:

A. Introduction of the essential characters.
   Fixing the motif.
   Fixing the scenes.
   Fixing the local colour.
   Fixing the tones and movement.
   Establishing the motives for the development into the critical situation at the climax of Division B.
B. Building up of complications from the motives established into the critical situation, which is the climax of this division.
C. Working out of the critical situation from the motives established, into the solution which is the climax of this division.
D. Development of the Finale from the solution of the climax of Division C.

"Although I am not yet ready for incidents during the construction period, they come in great quantity. I make notes of them and proceed with the construction.

"The construction work takes, say, three months. Maybe I work slowly, I don't know, but I only produce one novel every two years, so there is no hurry.

"For the work of construction, I go to the country where the story is laid. I don't know that this is essential, and lots of people tell me that it is foolish, but I feel that it is more honest, and I am satisfied with the result."

A construction card was taken at random from the pack which held some one hundred and fifty of them. This is a copy of it:

A C 1
Patches Mystery of identity and history
" Cowboy education
" Question of relation to thieves
Time—Sept Oct Fall rodeo
13
Patches—Suspicion as thief begins
Results from Reed's general suspicion
" " Mystery of identity and history
Note—Reed against and Uncle Bill for Patches.
14
Patches } Friendship developing
Phil }

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Results from Patches proving his manhood
" " Patches regard for manhood
15
Kitty (Patches)
Interest in him developing
Results from Patches character (hints of city life)
" " Kitty's interest in city life
" In Friendship of Patches and Kitty

"These cards, you see, as well as all the others, are written in various-coloured pencils and inks. That is a way of giving emphasis to the different notes. It keeps my attention and helps me all through the work.

"I put these cards on the screen." Mr. Wright indicated a burlap-covered piece of furniture about seven feet by seven feet, mounted on two by four scantlings. It had clasps to affix ninety cards, six rows of fifteen each. "I fill in the cards, making sure primarily that each step moves to the desired end of the story, and that each condition mentioned must be the outcome of something gone before, and the logical foundation of something to come.

"Now when this card was written, I was not sure of a single incident. The invention, selecting and placing of incidents might be called the second stage of the construction work. Each incident is fitted into the block where it belongs, and becomes a proper part of the framework of the novel. I attach the notes to the construction card with wire clips.

"All the while I have been accumulating a lot of incidents, inventing them automatically. Such as are available are used, and such others as are needed are invented. I may put an incident up here in A D 2 at first, then decide it will be more suitable down here in C A 4, and move it down. Not a word of the text is written up to this time, you understand.

"I subject each incident to four acid tests: 1. Is the incident intrinsically interesting? 2. Is it valuable in carrying out the theme? 3. Is it in accord with the plot? 4. Is it in keeping with the characters appearing in it? Every incident must pass all the four tests or it is not used.

"I usually reach the finish with enough incidents left over to make another novel.

"Then when the construction work is done, I turn to and write the thing. It is easy then. It is all ready and waiting to be written. I keep a close watch on myself in all descriptive passages, and do not permit the introduction of one word which has not its place in the story, usually symbolic, and so I ramble right on through to the end.

"That's all there is to writing a novel. When the manuscript has been typed and revised and retyped, you wrap it up and express it to the publisher. Then you saddle up the horses and pack an outfit on a couple of mules and beat it for the high hills."

CHARACTER HISTORY CARD USED IN "WHEN A MAN'S A MAN."

A character. Man. (1) Essential.
PHILIP BALDWIN ACTON
PHILIP ACTON
PHIL ("WILDHORSE PHIL")
To show the vital principle of manhood as it is in the mere animal characteristics.
Note—This character must show the instinctive regard for the characteristics which distinguish manhood as such. Also the appeal which manhood as such makes to normal woman, this appeal being victorious.
Description:
Height, 6 feet.

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Build, lithe; not heavy, not thin, firm flesh, beautifully proportioned; instinct with life and virile strength as a wild stallion.
Hair, almost black, wavy.
Eyes, dark grey, changing at times, dreamy and thoughtful, at times flashing, rare occasions cold and hard, always direct, most often smiling, very expressive as a horse's and often the untamed look of a horse's; always seeing things without seeming to; remarkable range of vision.
Face, open, frank, bold, clean-shaven; not heavy but firm; wide forehead, straight nose, rounded chin, but enough of it; finely turned lips, good jaw and neck, clear skin tanned a beautiful bronze; white above hatband on forehead. The bold, questioning, challenging look of a stallion ready to be a friend or to fight; alert always, trustful and frank, trick of throwing up head to look around as a stallion on the range, with fixed steady gaze at any object arresting attention.
Age, 26

DISTINCTIVE

The air and manner of a wild horse, with that trick of watchfulness and ready courage, throwing up head to take in surroundings, even in conversation, instinctive.

HISTORY PRIOR TO STORY

Father of Scotch-Irish descent, came into country of story in the days of overland pioneers, before railway.
As a boy, in company with Uncle Bill Baldwin, he walked across the country with covered wagons of pioneers, grew to manhood in touch with Baldwin, often they worked for the same man. In time started with bunch of cattle for himself. Married girl friend of Stella Conrad and lived close neighbour to Baldwins. Prospered, but through loyalty and generosity to supposed friend, against advice of Uncle Bill, lost nearly everything by securing note. Never same man afterward. Uncle Bill saved the home ranch, but the stock went.
After death of Phil's mother, his father died. Was killed in his work. Was not himself.
Phil raised by Uncle Bill from about 14. Grew to manhood in cow business for Uncle Bill.
Always lived in country where he was born.
Playmates with Kitty Reed, who lived on neighbouring ranch.
Her father's cattle running on his father's old range.
Father, John Acton, known as "Honest John."
Phil has accumulated a few cattle in addition to the few his father left. These run with the Cross Triangle stock.
His ambition is to marry Kitty and rebuild the old homestead.
Is Uncle Bill's foreman at opening of story.
Father's old brand, now his, Five Bar

LIFE AND PLACE IN STORY

(See Patches, Life and place in story.)
He loves Uncle Bill as father and Stella as mother.

in

Passionately loyal to work.
Learns to love and admire Patches and is loyal to him when he is suspected of being in with cattle thieves.
When he thinks Patches and Kitty in love, or that Patches is trying her, he openly challenges Patches as a stallion might challenge a rival.

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Patches about to accept when situation is saved.
Acton knows that Patches is innocent of the charge that Patches confesses to in order to free Kitty, but does not know of the confession until he and Kitty are reunited.
Close of story leaves him with Kitty established in old home, half owner of Reed outfit.
Notes.
Must find some way for Phil to study a little, so as not to be too ignorant.
Business training with Uncle Bill.
Books sent by Kitty—fairly good Man's library.

OLD PUEBLO CLUB
TUCSON, ARIZONA
April 20, 1917.

MY DEAR MR. KENAMORE:

You have succeeded—much better than I thought you could—in getting "how I do it" on paper.

Your article is exactly right and will give anyone interested enough to read carefully a clear insight into my methods.

I thank you, but I feel quite sure that your labour is vain, for, after all, what does it matter how a thing is done if only it *is* done. A good Mexican cowboy friend once said to me when I roped a wild horse by a method peculiarly my own, "Never you mind—a man catch a wild horse he catch him any way he can."

With regards and best wishes always,

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

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THE ADVANCE OF ENGLISH POETRY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART X

American poetry in the eighteen-nineties—William Vaughn Moody—his early death a serious loss to literature.—George Santayana—a master of the sonnet—some veteran poets.—Robert Underwood Johnson—his moral idealism.—Richard Burton—his healthy optimism—his growth.—Edwin Markham and his poem.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox—her additions to our language.—Henry Van Dyke.—George E. Woodberry—his spiritual and ethereal quality.—William Dudley Foulke—translator of Petrarch.—The late H. K. Vielé—his whimsicality.—Cale Young Rice—his prolific production—his versatility.—Josephine P. Peabody—Sursum Corda—her child poems.—Edwin Arlington Robinson—a forerunner of the modern advance—his manliness and common sense—intellectual qualities.—W. E. Leonard and W. T. Whitsett.—Helen Hay Whitney—her consummate art.—Jessie B. Rittenhouse.—The Yale group of poets.—H. A. Beers—his fineness of quality—his humour.—C. M. Lewis.—E. B. Reed.—F. E. Pierce.—Brian Hooker—his sonnets—varied expression in verse—his Turns.—The late R. C. Rogers.—Rupert Hughes—novelist, dramatist, poet, musician.—Robert Munger.—R. B. Glaenzer.—Benjamin R. C. Low.—W. R. Benét—his robust vitality.—Arthur Colton.—Allan Updegraff.—Lee Wilson Dodd—a list of Yale poets.

I

To COMPEL public recognition by a fresh volume of poems is becoming increasingly difficult. The country fields and the city streets are full of singing-birds; and after a few more springs have embellished the earth, it may become as impossible to distinguish the note of a new imagist as the note of an individual robin. When the publishers advertise the initial appearance of a poet, we simply say *Another!*

But in the last decade of the last century, poets other than migratory, poets who were winter residents, were sufficiently uncommon. And the courage required to call oneself a poet was considerable. Far different now. To-day both the versifiers and their friends who study them through a magnifying glass are becoming so abundant that soon we may be able to classify the songsters into wild poets, gamy poets, barnyard poets, poets that hunt and are hunted.

Of the old leaders, Whitman, Whittier, and Holmes lived into the eighteen-nineties; and when, in 1894, the last leaf left the tree, we could not help wondering what the next Maytime would bring forth. Had William Vaughn Moody lived longer, it is probable that America would have had another major poet. He wrote verse to please himself, and plays in order that he might write more verse; but at the dawning of a great career, the veto of death

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ended both. As it is, much of his work will abide.

Indiana has the honour of his birth. He was born at Spencer, July 8, 1869. He was graduated at Harvard, and after teaching there, he became a member of the English Department of the University of Chicago. He died at Colorado Springs, October 17, 1910.

The quality of high seriousness, so dear to Matthew Arnold, was characteristic of everything that Mr. Moody gave to the public. At his best, there is a noble dignity, a pure serenity in his work, which make for immortality. This dignity is never assumed; it is not worn like an academic robe; it is an integral part of the poetry. *An Ode in Time of Hesitation* has already become a classic, both for its depth of moral feeling and for its sculptured style. Like so many other poets, Mr. Moody was an artist with pencil and brush as well as with the pen; his study of form shows in his language.

George Santayana was born at Madrid, December 16, 1863. His father was a Spaniard, and his mother an American. He was graduated from Harvard in 1886, and later became Professor of Philosophy, which position he resigned in 1912, because academic life had grown less and less congenial, although his resignation was a matter of sincere regret on the part of both his colleagues and his pupils. Latterly he has lived in France.

He is a professional philosopher but primarily a man of letters. His philosophy is interesting chiefly because the books that contain it are exquisitely written. He is an artist in prose and verse, and it seems unfortunate that his professorial activity—as in the case of A. E. Housman—choked his Muse. For art has this eternal advantage over learning. Nobody knows whether or not philosophical truth is really true; but Beauty is really beautiful.

In 1894 Mr. Santayana produced—in a tiny volume limited to four hundred and fifty copies on small paper—*Sonnets and Other Poems;* and in 1899 a less important book, *Lucifer: a Theological Tragedy.* No living American has written finer sonnets than our philosopher. In sincerity of feeling, in living language, and in melody they reach distinction.

A wall, a wall around my garden rear,
And hedge me in from the disconsolate hills;
Give me but one of all the mountain rills,
Enough of ocean in its voice I hear.
Come no profane insatiate mortal near
With the contagion of his passionate ills;
The smoke of battle all the valleys fills,
Let the eternal sunlight greet me here.
This spot is sacred to the deeper soul
And to the piety that mocks no more.
In nature's inmost heart is no uproar,
None in this shrine; in peace the heavens roll,
In peace the slow tides pulse from shore to shore,
And ancient quiet broods from pole to pole.

O world, thou choosest not the better part!
It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
Columbus found a world, and had no chart,
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;
To trust the soul's invincible surmise
Was all his science and his only art.
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead
Across a void of mystery and dread.
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine
By which alone the mortal heart is led
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

ON A VOLUME OF SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY

What chilly cloister or what lattice dim
Cast painted light upon this careful page?

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What thought compulsive held the patient sage
Till sound of matin bell or evening hymn?
Did visions of the Heavenly Lover swim
Before his eyes in youth, or did stern rage
Against rash heresy keep green his age?
Had he seen God, to write so much of Him?
Gone is that irrecoverable mind
With all its phantoms, senseless to mankind
As a dream's trouble or the speech of birds.
The breath that stirred his lips he soon resigned
To windy chaos, and we only find
The garnered husks of his disusèd words.

II

Robert Underwood Johnson was born at Washington January 12, 1853, and took his bachelor's degree at Earlham College, in Indiana, at the age of eighteen. When twenty years old, he became a member of the editorial staff of the *Century Magazine*, and remained there exactly forty years. His first volume of poems, *The Winter Hour*, was published in 1891, since which time he has produced many others. Now he is his own publisher, and two attractive books "published by the author" appeared in 1917—*Poems of War and Peace* and *Italian Rhapsody*.

Mr. Johnson is a conservative, by which he would mean that as editor, publicist, and poet, he has tried to maintain the highest standards in art, politics, morality, and religion. Certainly his services to his country have been important; and many good causes that he advocated are now established realities. There is no love lost between him and the "new" school in poetry, and possibly each fails to appreciate what is good in the other.

Moral idealism is the foundation of much of Mr. Johnson's verse; he has written many occasional poems, poems supporting good men and good works, and poems attacking the omnipresent and well-organised forces of evil. I am quite aware that in the eyes of many critics such praise as that damns him beyond hope of redemption; but the interesting fact is, that although he has toiled for righteousness all his life, he is a poet.

His poem, *The Voice of Webster*, although written years ago, is not only in harmony with contemporary historical judgment (1918) but has a Doric dignity worthy of the subject. There are not a few memorable lines:

Forgetful of the father in the son,
Men praised in Lincoln what they blamed in him.

Always the friend of small and oppressed nations, whose fate arouses in him an unquenchable indignation, he published in 1908 paraphrases from the leading poet of Servia. In view of what has happened during the last four years, the first sentence of the Preface to these verses, written by Nikola Tesla, has a reinforced emphasis—"Hardly is there a nation which has met with a sadder fate than the Servian." How curious today seems the individual or national pessimism that was so common *before* 1914! Why did we not realise how (comparatively) happy we were then? Hell then seems like paradise now. It is as though an athletic pessimist—of which there are always many—should lose both legs. Shall we never learn anything from Edgar's wisdom?

O gods! Who is't can say "I am at the worst"?
I am worse than e'er I was.

Another poet, who has had a long and honourable career, is Richard

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Burton. He was born at Hartford, Connecticut, March 14, 1859, and was educated at Trinity and at Johns Hopkins, where he took the doctor's degree in Anglo-Saxon. For the last twenty years he has been Professor of English Literature at the University of Minnesota, and is one of the best teachers and lecturers in the country. He paradoxically found his voice in a volume of original poems called *Dumb in June*, which appeared in 1895. Since then he has published many books of verse and prose—plays, stories, essays, and lyrics.

He has shown steady development as a poet—*Poems of Earth's Meaning* (he has a genius for bad titles), which came out in 1917, is his high-water mark. I am glad that he reprinted in this volume the elegy on the death of Arthur Upson, written in 1910; there is not a false note in it.

The personality of Richard Burton shines clearly through his work; cheerful manliness and cheerful godliness. He knows more about human nature than many pretentious diagnosticians; and his gladness in living communicates itself to the reader. Occasionally, as in *Spring Fantasies*, there is a subtlety easy to miss on a first or careless reading. On the edge of sixty, this poet is doing his best singing and best thinking.

Sometimes an author who has been writing all his life will, under the flashlight of inspiration, reveal deep places by a few words formed into some phrase that burns its way into literature. This is the case with Edwin Markham (born 1852) who has produced many books, but seems destined to be remembered for *The Man With the Hoe* (1899). His other works are by no means negligible, but that one poem made the whole world kin.

To a certain extent, the same may be said of Ella Wheeler Wilcox (born 1855). In spite of an excess of sentimentality, which is her besetting sin, she has written much excellent verse. Two sayings, however, will be remembered long after many of her contemporaries are forgotten:

> Laugh and the world laughs with you,
> Weep, and you weep alone.

Furthermore, in these days of world-tragedy, we all owe her a debt of gratitude for being the author of the phrase written many years ago:

> No question is ever settled
> Until it is settled right.

Among our veteran poets should be numbered also Henry Van Dyke (born 1852). His versatility is so remarkable that it has somewhat obscured his particular merit. His lyric *Reliance* is spiritually as well as artistically true:

> Not to the swift, the race:
> Not to the strong, the fight:
> Not to the righteous, perfect grace:
> Not to the wise, the light.
>
> But often faltering feet
> Come surest to the goal;
> And they who walk in darkness meet
> The sunrise of the soul.
>
> A thousand times by night
> The Syrian hosts have died;
> A thousand times the vanquished right
> Hath risen, glorified.
>
> The truth by wise men sought
> Was spoken by a child;
> The alabaster box was brought
> In trembling hands defiled.
>
> Not from the torch, the gleam,
> But from the stars above:
> Not from my heart, life's crystal stream,
> But from the depths of love.

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III

George E. Woodberry (born 1855), graduate of Harvard, a scholar, literary biographer, and critic of high standing, has been eminent among contemporary American poets since the year 1890, when appeared his book of verse, *The North Shore Watch*. In 1917 an interesting and valuable *Study* of his poetry appeared in an attractive volume, written by Louis V. Ledoux, and accompanied by a carefully minute bibliography. I do not mean to say anything unpleasant of Mr. Woodberry or the public, when I say that his poetry is too fine for popularity. It is not the raw material of poetry, like that of Carl Sandburg, yet it is not exactly the finished product that passes by the common name. It is rather the essence of poetry, the spirit of poetry, a clear flame—almost impalpable. "You may not be worthy to smoke the Arcadia mixture," well—we may not be worthy to read all that Mr. Woodberry writes. And I am convinced that it is not his fault. His poems of nature and his poems of love speak out of the spirit. He not only never "writes down" to the public, it seems almost as if he intended his verse to be read by some race superior to the present stage of human development.

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

IV

William Dudley Foulke may fairly be classed with the Indiana group. He was born at New York in 1848, but has lived in Indiana since 1876. He has been conspicuous in much political and social service, but the soul of the man is found in his books of verse, most of which have been first printed in England. He is a lifelong student of Petrarch, and has made many excellent translations. His best independent work may be found in a group of poems properly called *Ad Patriam*. I think such a sonnet as *The City's Crown* is fairly representative:

What makes a city great? Huge piles of stone
Heaped heavenward? Vast multitudes who dwell
Within wide circling walls? Palace and throne
And riches past the count of man to tell,

And wide domain? Nay, these the empty husk!
True glory dwells where glorious deeds are done,
Where great men rise whose names athwart the dusk
Of misty centuries gleam like the sun!

In Athens, Sparta, Florence, 'twas the soul
That was the city's bright, immortal part,
The splendour of the spirit was their goal,
Their jewel, the unconquerable heart!

So may the city that I love be great
Till every stone shall be articulate.

The early death of Herman Knickerbocker Vielé robbed America not only of one of her most brilliant novelists, but of a poet of faery fancy. In 1903 he published a tall, thin book, *Random Verse*, that has something of the charm and beauty of *The Inn of the Silver Moon*. In everything that he wrote, Mr. Vielé revealed a winsome whimsicality, and a lightness of touch impossible except to true artists. It should also be remembered to his credit that he loved France with an ardour not so frequently expressed then as now. Indeed, he loved her so much that

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the last four years of agony might have come near to breaking his heart. He was one of the finest spirits of the twentieth century.

Cale Young Rice was born in Kentucky, December 7, 1872. He is a graduate of Cumberland University and of Harvard, and his wife is the famous creator of Mrs. Wiggs. He has been a prolific poet, having produced many dramas and lyrics, which were collected in two stout volumes in 1915. In 1917 appeared two new works, *Trails Sunward* and *Wraiths and Realities*, with interesting prefaces, in which the anthologies of the "new" poetry, their makers, editors, and defenders, are heartily cudgeled. Mr. Rice is a conservative in art, and writes in the orthodox manner; although he is not afraid to make metrical experiments.

I like his lyrical pieces better than his dramas. His verse-plays are good, but not supremely good; and I find it difficult to read either blank verse or rimed drama, unless it is in the first class, where assuredly Mr. Rice's meritorious efforts do not belong.

His songs are spontaneous, not manufactured. He is a natural singer with such facility that it is rather surprising that the average of his work is so good. A man who writes so much ought, one would think, to be more often than not, commonplace; but the fact is that most of his poems could not be turned into prose without losing their life. He has limitations instead of faults; within his range he may be counted on to give a satisfactory performance. By range I mean of course height rather than breadth. He is at home all over the earth, and his subjects are as varied as his style.

V

Josephine Preston Peabody (Mrs. Marks) was born at New York, and took her degree at Radcliffe in 1894. For two years she was a member of the English department of Wellesley (two syllables only). Her drama *Marlowe* (1901) gave her something like fame, though I have always thought it was overrated; it is certainly quite inferior to *The Death of Marlowe* (1837), by Richard Hengist Horne. In 1910 her play *The Piper* won the Stratford-on-Avon prize, and subsequently proved to be one of the most successful plays seen on the American stage in the twentieth century. It was produced by the New Theatre, the finest stock company ever known in America.

Josephine Peabody has written other dramas, and has an enviable reputation as a lyric poet. The burden of her poetry is *Sursum Corda!* As I read modern verse, I am forced to the conclusion that men and women require a vast deal of comforting. The years preceding the war seem in the retrospect happy, almost a golden age; homesickness for the England, France, Italy, America that existed before 1914 is almost a universal sentiment; yet when we read the verse composed during those days of prosperous tranquillity, when youth seemed comic rather than tragic, we find that half the poets spent their time in lamentation, and the other half in first aid. An enormous number of lyrics speak as though despondency were the normal condition of men and women; are we really all sad when alone, engaged in reading or writing? "Every man is grave alone," said Emerson. I wonder.

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So many poets seem to tell us that we ought not absolutely to abandon all hope. The case for living is admittedly a bad one; but the poets beseech us to stick to it. Does every man really go down to business in the morning with his jaw set? Does every woman begin the day with compressed lips, determined somehow to pull through till afternoon? Even the nature poets are always telling us to look at the birds and flowers and cheer up. Is that all botany and zoology are good for? Have we nothing to learn from nature but—buck up?

I do not mean that Josephine Peabody's poems resemble glad Polyanna, but I was driven to these divagations by the number of cheery lyrics that she has felt it necessary to write. Now I find it almost as depressing to be told that there *is* hope as to be told that there isn't.

I met Poor Sorrow on the way
As I came down the years;
I gave him everything I had
And looked at him through tears.

"But Sorrow, give me here again
Some little sign to show;
For I have given all I own;
Yet have I far to go."

Then Sorrow charmed my eyes for me
And hallowed them thus far:
"Look deep enough in every dark,
And you shall see the star."

Sometimes I think her finest work is found in a field where it is difficult to excel—I mean child poetry. Her *Cradle Song* is as good as anything of hers I know, though I could wish she had omitted the parenthetical refrain. I hope readers will forgive me—though I know they won't—for saying that *Dormi, dormi tu* sounds like a triumphant exclamation at the sixteenth hole.

VI

An American poet who won twenty-two years ago a reputation with a small volume, who ten years later seemed almost forgotten, and who now deservedly stands higher than ever before is Edwin Arlington Robinson. He was born in Maine, December 22, 1869, and studied at Harvard University. In 1896 he published two poems, *The Torrent* and *The Night Before;* these were included the next year in a volume called *The Children of the Night.* His successive books of verse are *Captain Craig,* 1902; *The Town Down the River,* 1910; *The Man Against the Sky,* 1916; *Merlin,* 1917; and he has printed two plays, of which *Van Zorn* (1914), despite its chilling reception, is exceedingly good.

Mr. Robinson is not only one of our best known American contemporary poets, but is a leader and recognised as such. Many write verses to-day because the climate is so favourable to the Muse's somewhat delicate health. But if Mr. Robinson is not a germinal writer, he is at all events a precursor of the modern advance. The year 1896 was not opportune for a venture in verse, but the Gardiner poet has never cared to be in the rearward of a fashion. The two poems that he produced that year he has since surpassed, but they clearly demonstrated his right to live and to be heard.

The prologue to the 1897 volume contained his platform, which, so far as I know, he has never seen cause to change. Despite the title, he is not an infant crying in the night; he is a full-grown man, whose voice of resonant hope and faith is heard in the darkness. His chief

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reason for believing in God is that it is more sensible to believe in Him than not to believe. His religion, like his art, is founded on common sense. Everything that he writes, whether in drama, in lyrics, or in prose criticism, is eminently rational.

There is one creed, and only one,
That glorifies God's excellence;
So cherish, that His will be done,
The common creed of common sense.

It is the crimson, not the gray,
That charms the twilight of all time;
It is the promise of the day
That makes the starry sky sublime.

It is the faith within the fear
That holds us to the life we curse;—
So let us in ourselves revere
The Self which is the Universe!

Let us, the Children of the Night,
Put off the cloak that hides the scar!
Let us be Children of the Light,
And tell the ages what we are!

This creed is repeated in the sonnet *Credo*, later in the same volume, which also contains those rather striking portraits of individuals, of which the most impressive is *Richard Cory*. More than one critic has observed that these dry sketches are in a way forerunners of the *Spoon River Anthology*.

The next book, *Captain Craig*, rather disappointed the eager expectations of the poet's admirers; like Carlyle's Frederick, the man finally turns out to be not anywhere near worth the intellectual energy expended on him. Yet this volume contained what is, on the whole, Mr. Robinson's masterpiece—*Isaac and Archibald*. We are given a striking picture of these old men, and I suppose one reason why we recognise the merit of this poem so much more clearly than we did sixteen years ago, is because this particular kind of character-analysis was not in demand at that time.

The figure of the man against the sky, which gives the name to the work published in 1916, does not appear, strictly speaking, till the end of the book. Yet in reality the first poem, *Flammonde*, is the man against the sky-line, who looms up biggest of all in his town as we look back. This fable teaches us to appreciate the unappreciated.

Mr. Robinson's latest volume, *Merlin*, may safely be neglected by students of his work. It adds nothing to his reputation, and seems uncharacteristic. I can find little in it except diluted Tennyson, and it won't do to dilute Tennyson. One might almost as well try to polish him. It is of course possible that Mr. Robinson wished to try something in a romantic vein; but it is not his vein. He excels in the clear presentment of character; in pith; in sharp outline; in solid, masculine effort; his voice is baritone rather than tenor.

To me his poetry is valuable for its moral stimulus; for its unadorned honesty and sincerity; for its clear rather than warm singing. He is an excellent draughtsman; everything that he has done has beauty of line; anything pretentious is to him abhorrent. He is more map-maker than painter. He is of course more than a maker of maps. He has drawn many an intricate and accurate chart of the deeps and shallows of the human soul.

VII

Two professional teachers of youth who write poetry as an avocation are William Ellery Leonard, professor in the University of Wiscon-

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sin, the author of a number of volumes of poems, some of which show originality in conception and style, and William Thornton Whitsett, of Whitsett Institute, Whitsett, North Carolina, whose book *Suber and Song* (1917) exhibits such variations in merit that if one read only a few pages one might be completely deceived as to the author's actual ability. His besetting sin as an artist is moralising. Fully half the contents of the volume are uninspired, commonplace, flat. But when he forgets to preach, he can write true poetry. He has the lyrical gift to a high degree, and has a rather remarkable command of the technique of the art. *An Ode to Expression*, *The Soul of the Sea*, and some of the *Sonnets*, fully justify their publication. The author is rather too fond of the old "poetic diction"; he might do well to study simplicity.

A poet who differs from the two just mentioned in her ability to maintain a certain level of excellence is Helen Hay Whitney. She perhaps inherited her almost infallible good taste and literary tact from her distinguished father, that wholly admirable person, John Hay. His greatness as an international statesman was matched by the extraordinary charm of his character, which expressed itself in everything he wrote, and in numberless acts of kindness. He was the ideal American gentleman. One feels in reading the poems of Mrs. Whitney that each one is written both creatively and critically. I mean that she has the primal impulse to write, but that in writing, and more especially in revising, every line is submitted to her own severe scrutiny. I am not sure that she has not destroyed some of her best work, though this is of course only conjecture. At all events, while she makes no mistakes, I sometimes feel that there is too much repression. She is one of our best American sonnet-writers. Such a poem as *After Rain* is a work of art.

A woman who has done much for the advance of English poetry in America by her influence on public critical opinion, is Jessie B. Rittenhouse. In 1904 she published a volume of criticism on contemporary verse, and for the last fourteen years has printed many essays of interpretation, dealing with the new poets. I dare say no one in America is more familiar with the English poetry of the twentieth century than she. She has been so occupied with this important and fruitful work that she has had little time to compose original verse; but anyone who will read through her volume, *The Door of Dreams*, will find it impossible not to admire her lyrical gift.

VIII

During the twentieth century there has been flowing a fountain of verse from the faculty, young alumni, and undergraduates of Yale University; and I reserve this space at the end of my essay for a consideration of the Yale group of poets, some of whom are already widely known and some of whom seem destined to be. I am not thinking of magazine verse or of fugitive pieces, but only of independent volumes of original poems.

Professor Henry A. Beers has written—at too rare intervals—all his life. His book of short stories, containing *A Suburban Pastoral* and *Split Zephyr*, the last-named being, according to Meredith Nicholson,

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the best story of college life ever printed, would possibly have attracted more general attention were it not for its prevailing tone of quiet, unobtrusive pessimism, an unwelcome note in America. I am as sure of the high quality of *A Suburban Pastoral* as I am sure of anything; and have never found a critic who, after reading the tale, disagreed with me. In 1885 Professor Beers published a little volume of poems, *The Thankless Muse;* and in 1917 he collected in a thin book *The Two Twilights*, the best of his youthful and mature poetic production. The variety of expression is so great that no two poems are in the same mood. In *Love, Death, and Life* we have one of the most passionate love-poems in American literature; in *The Pasture Bars* the valediction has the soft, pure tone of a silver bell. To me one of the most charming of all the songs is the glorification of New Haven as compared with New York.

NUNC DIMITTIS

Highlands of Navesink,
By the blue ocean's brink,
Let your gray bases drink
    Deep of the sea.
Tide that comes flooding up,
Fill me a stirrup cup,
Pledge me a parting sup,
    Now I go free.

Wall of the Palisades,
I know where greener glades,
Deeper glens, darker shades,
    Hemlock and pine,
Far toward the morning lie
Under a bluer sky,
Lifted by cliffs as high,
    Haunts that are mine.

Marshes of Hackensack,
See, I am going back
Where the Quinnipiac
    Winds to the bay,
Down its long meadow track,
Piled in the myriad stack,
Where in wide bivouac
    Camps the salt bay.

Spire of old Trinity,
Never again to be
Seamark and goal to me
    As I walk down;
Chimes on the upper air,
Calling in vain to prayer,
Squandering your music where
    Roars the black town:

Bless me once ere I ride
Off to God's countryside,
Where in the treetops hide
    Belfry and bell;
Tongues of the steeple towers,
Telling the slow-paced hours—
Hail, thou still town of ours—
    Bedlam, farewell!

Those who are familiar with Professor Beers's humour, as expressed in *The Ways of Yale*, will wish that he had preserved also in this later book some of his whimsicalities, as in the poem *A Fish Story*, which begins:

A whale of great porosity,
  And small specific gravity,
Dived down with much velocity
  Beneath the sea's concavity.

But soon the weight of water
  Squeezed in his fat immensity,
Which varied—as it ought to—
  Inversely as his density.

Professor Charlton M. Lewis, whose lyric *Pro Patria* is one of the noblest of America's literary contributions to the war, published in 1903, *Gawayne and the Green Knight*, a long poem in which humour and imagination are delightfully mingled. Professor E. B. Reed collected the best of his verse in one volume, *Sea Moods* (1917). Some of his happiest comments on college life and campus customs were published in his booklet *Lyra Yalensis* (1913). This has already become a rarity, as the entire edition was almost immediately sold, and no reprint has thus far been made.

Professor Frederick E. Pierce, B.A., 1904, has produced three vol-

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umes of poems, of which *The World That God Destroyed* is the most ambitious; his best work, however, might be described as lyrics of the farm. He is a true interpreter of the spirit of New England rural life.

One of the best known of the group of Yale poets is Brian Hooker, who was graduated from Yale in 1902, and for some years was a member of the Faculty. His *Poems* (1915) are an important addition to contemporary literature. He is a master of the sonnet-form, as anyone may see for himself in reading

GHOSTS

The dead return to us continually;
Not at the void of night, as fables feign,
In some lone spot where murdered bones have lain
Wailing for vengeance to the passer-by;
But in the merry clamour and full cry
Of the brave noon, our dead whom we have slain
And in forgotten graves hidden in vain,
Rise up and stand beside us terribly.

Sick with the beauty of their dear decay
We conjure them with laughters onerous
And drunkenness of labour; yet not thus
May we absolve ourselves of yesterday—
We cannot put those clinging arms away,
Nor those glad faces yearning over us.

Mr. Hooker also includes in this volume a number of *Turns*, which he describes as "a new fixed form: Seven lines, in any rhythm, isometric and of not more than four feet; Riming AbacbcA, the first line and the last a Refrain; the Idea (as the names suggests) to Turn upon the recurrence of the Refrain at the end with a different sense from that which it bears at the beginning." For example:

MISERERE

Ah, God, my strength again!—
Not power, nor joy, but these:
The waking without pain,
The ardour for the task,
And in the evening, peace.
Is it so much to ask?
Ah, God, my strength again!

American literature suffered a loss in the death of Robert Cameron Rogers, of the class of 1883. His book of poems, called *The Rosary*, appeared in 1906, containing the song by which naturally he is best known. Set to music by the late Ethelbert Nevin, it had a prodigious vogue, and inspired a sentimental British novel, whose sales ran over a million copies. The success of this ditty ought not to prejudice readers against the author of it; for he was much more than a sentimentalist, as his other pieces prove.

Rupert Hughes is an all around literary athlete. He was born in Missouri, January 31, 1872, studied at Western Reserve University, and later at Yale, where he took the degree of M.A. in 1899. He is of course best known as a novelist and playwright; his novel *The Thirteenth Commandment* (1916) and his play *Excuse Me* (1911) are among his most successful productions. His works in prose fiction are conscientiously realistic, and the finest of them are accurate chronicles of metropolitan life; while his short stories, *In a Little Town* (1917), are, like those of William Allen White, truthful both in their representation of village manners in the West, and in their recognition of spiritual values. I recommend these writers as an antidote for much of the modern poison that calls itself realism. In view of the resolute "up-to-dateness" of Mr. Hughes's novels, it is rather curious that his one long poem, *Gyges' Ring* (1901), which was written during his student days at Yale, should be founded on Greek legend. Yet Mr. Hughes has been a student of Greek

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all his life, and has made many translations from the original. I do not care much for *Gyges' Ring;* it is hammered out rather than created. But some of the author's short poems, to which he has often composed his own musical accompaniment, I find full of charm. Best of all, I think, is the imaginative and delightful

WITH A FIRST READER

Dear little child, this little book
  Is less a primer than a key
To sunder gates where wonder waits
  Your "Open Sesame!"

These tiny syllables look large;
  They'll fret your wide, bewildered eyes;
But "Is the cat upon the mat?"
  Is passport to the skies.

For, yet awhile, and you shall turn
  From Mother Goose to Avon's swan;
From Mary's lamb to grim Khayyam,
  And Mancha's mad-wise Don.

You'll writhe at Jean Valjean's disgrace;
  And D'Artagnan and Ivanhoe
Shall steal your sleep; and you shall weep
  At Sidney Carton's woe.

You'll find old Chaucer young once more,
  Beaumont and Fletcher fierce with fire;
At your demand, John Milton's hand
  Shall wake his ivory lyre.

And learning other tongues, you'll learn
  All times are one; all men, one race;
Hear Homer speak, as Greek to Greek;
  See Dante, face to face.

Arma virumque shall resound;
  And Horace wreathe his rimes afresh;
You'll rediscover Laura's lover;
  Meet Gretchen in the flesh.

Oh, could I find for the first time
  The "Churchyard Elegy" again!
Retaste the sweets of new-found Keats;
  Read Byron now as then!

Make haste to wander these old roads,
  O envied little parvenu:
For all things trite shall leap alight
  And bloom again for you!

Robert Munger, B.A., 1897, published in 1912 a volume called *The Land of Lost Music.* He is a lyric poet. Melody seems as natural to him as speech.

There is a land uncharted of meadows and
  shimmering mountains,
Stiller than moon-light silence brooding and
  wan,
The land of long-wandering music and dead
  unmelodious fountains
Of singing that rose in the dreams of them
  that are gone.

That rose in the dreams of the dead and
  that rise in the dreams of the living,
Fleeting, bodiless songs that passed in the
  night,
Winging away on the moment of wonder
  their cadence was giving
Into the deeps of the valleys of stifled de-
  light.

Richard Butler Glaenzer, B.A., 1898, whose verses have frequently been seen in various periodicals, collected them in *Beggar and King,* 1917. His poems cover a wide range of thought and feeling, but I like him best when he is most whimsical, as in

COMPARISONS

Jupiter, lost to Vega's realm,
Lights his lamp from the sun-ship's helm:
Big as a thousand earths, and yet
Dimmed by the glow of a cigarette!

Benjamin R. C. Low, B.A., 1902, has produced four or five volumes of poems, of which *A Wand and Strings* (1913) and *The House That Was* (1915) have attracted much favourable comment. He is seen at his best in *These United States,* dedicated to Alan Seeger, which appeared in the *Boston Transcript,* February 7, 1917. This is an original, vigorous work, full of the unexpected, and yet seen to be true as soon as expressed. His verses show a constantly increasing grasp of material, and I look for finer things from his pen.

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Another indubitable poet is William Rose Benét, who was graduated in 1907. Every year sees his work more widely known. At present he is in service in France. In 1913 he published a book of poems, *Merchants from Cathay*, in 1914, *The Falconer of God*, and in 1917, *The Burglar of the Zodiac*. His verse is full of vitality, and he is at his best in long, swinging passionate rhythms. There is no space to quote such a rattling, spirited ballad as *Merchants from Cathay*, but it is an inspired poem. No one can read or hear it without being aroused. Mr. Benét is a happy-hearted poet, singing in robust delight of the joy of life.

Arthur Colton, B.A., 1890, is as quiet and reflective as Mr. Benét is strenuous. Has anyone ever better expressed the heart of Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde* than in these few words?

A smile, of flowers and fresh May, across
The dreamy, drifting face of old Romance;
The same reiterate tale of love and loss
And joy that trembles in the hands of chance;
And midst his rippling lines old Geoffrey stands,
Saying, "Pray for me when the tale is done,
Who see no more the flowers, nor the sun."

Mr. Colton collected many of his poems in 1907, under the title *Harps Hung Up in Babylon*. He had moved from New Haven to New York.

Allan Updegraff, who left college before taking his degree, a member of the class of 1907, recently turned from verse to prose, and wrote an admirable novel, *Second Youth*. He is, however, a true poet, and anyone might be proud to be the author of

THE TIME AND THE PLACE

Will you not come? The pines are gold with evening
And breathe their old-time fragrance by the sea;
You loved so well their spicy exhalation,—
So smiled to smell it and old ocean's piquancy;
And those weird tales of winds and waves' relation—
Could you forget? Will you not come to me?

See, 'tis the time: the last long gleams are going,
The pine-spires darken, mists rise waveringly;
The gloaming brings the old familiar longing
To be re-crooned by twilight voices of the sea.
And just such tinted wavelets shoreward thronging—
Could you forget things once so dear—and me?

Whatever of the waves is ceaseless longing,
And of the twilight immortality:
The urge of some wild, inchoate aspiration
Akin to afterglow and stars and winds and sea:
This hour makes full and pours out in libation,—
Could you forget? Will you not come to me?

What golden galleons sailed into the sunset
Not to come home unto eternity:
What souls went outward hopeful of returning,
This time and tide might well call back across the sea.
Did we not dream so while old Wests were burning?
Could you forget such once-dear things—and me?

From the dimmed sky and long gray waste of waters,
Lo, one lone sail on all the lonely sea
A moment blooms to whiteness like a lily,
As sudden fades, is gone, yet half-seems still to be:
And you,—though that last time so strange and stilly,—
Though you are dead, will you not come to me?

Lee Wilson Dodd, at present in service in France, was graduated in 1899, and was for some years a practising lawyer. He gave up the law for literature in 1907. He is the

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author of several successful plays, and has published two volumes of verse, *The Modern Alchemist* (1906) and *The Middle Miles* (1915). His growth in the intervening years will be apparent to anyone who compares the two books; there is in his best work an excellent combination of fancy and humour.

Other Yale poets are W. B. Arvine, 1903, whose book *Hang Up Philosophy* (1911) particularly excels in the interpretation of natural scenery; Frederick M. Clapp, 1901, whose volume *On the Overland* was in process of printing in Bruges in 1914, when the Germans entered the old town, and smashed, among other things, the St. Catherine Press. Just fifteen copies of Mr. Clapp's book had been struck off, of which I own one; Donald Jacobus, 1908, whose *Poems* (1914) are richly meditative; James H. Wallis, 1906, who has joined the ranks of poets with *The Testament of William Windune and Other Poems* (1917); Leonard Bacon, 1909, who modestly called his book, published in the year of his graduation, *The Scrannel Pipe;* Kenneth Rand, 1914, who produced two volumes of original verse while an undergraduate; Archibald MacLeish, 1915, whose *Tower of Ivory*, a collection of lyrics, appeared in 1917; and I may close this roll-call by remarking that those who have seen his work have a staunch faith in the future of Stephen Vincent Benét. He is a younger brother of William, and is at present a Yale undergraduate. Mr. Benét was born at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, July 22, 1898. His home is in Augusta, Georgia. Before entering college, and when he was seventeen, he published his first volume of poems, *Five Men and Pompey* (1915). This was followed in 1917 by another book, *The Drug Shop.* His best single production is the college prize poem, *The Hemp.*

HAVELOCK ELLIS

BY MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS

THERE are some personalities one always sees in imagination in certain surroundings which have been created by some great painter. For instance, there is a type of woman one associates with Mona Lisa or St. Ursula. There are some men one instinctively sees in imagination in a group of Bacchanalian revels and others again, as John the Baptists, excitedly demanding a new social order as a sequence of sincere repentance. A series of pictures Havelock Ellis instinctively loves is that of St. Jerome in his study. In them he has unconsciously seen an image of the student within himself. In that little cell open to the air and the sun, the peaceful philosopher ponders over the great secrets in nature and in books. A tame lion lies at St. Jerome's feet, just as a fox and a snake in the wilds of Cornwall have remained at Havelock Ellis's side unafraid of one so absorbed in his thoughts. For both, domesticity has been reduced to the simplest expression. The whole universe, in thoughts, in dreams and books, in science and in art seems to lie before one who, from a boy to a mature man, is bent on fitting the right keys into secret locks. The ordinary ambitions and hopes of men

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have little meaning for him. Trivialities, and averages, and even malicious gossip, leave him undisturbed. He is an unraveller of mysteries as well as an organiser of practical issues. He is a hermit and yet an iconoclast. He is a lover of mankind and at the same time a withdrawer from their haunts. If, like a St. Bernard dog, he could express himself in his daily human life, through wagging a tail or lashing it, or barking and growling in turn, while keeping his written words for his more adequate expression, social life would not have such terrors for him as now.

Edward Carpenter once laughingly said of him that he reminded him of a snail cautiously peeping from his shell, and a social sound or a rough touch sends him immediately out of sight into his own world of observation into which no one dare intrude. Olive Schreiner, again, described him as between a Christ and a faun; his aloofness from and yet nearness to human beings makes this image true. From his book of *Impressions and Comments*, we can gather the diverse conclusions that, with this temperament, he has come to during his life of fifty-five years. Such subjects as Bathing, Streams and Children, Solitude, Gods and Flowers, reveal the poet and the artist upon which the man of science is founded. Those who know Havelock Ellis best realise that the sensitiveness and tenderness and deep intuitions of a woman, added to the virile intellectualism of a man, with glimmerings of the fantastic fear and also the wisdom of a child, dip and dodge in all his life-work around problems which are so deep, subtle, and many-sided that most of us shrink from approaching them at all. A *fighter* for truth, in the militaristic sense he is not—only one of her careful and observant sentinels. By nature a poet, by education a scientist, the dreaming and probing consequent on this dual individuality have produced a man of unusual serenity and understanding, a man of sentiment, yet free from sentimentality. He is at once a poised idealist and an accurate statistician—a man whose written words must inevitably lead others to deeds for the good of the race.

To women he owes the best that is in him and to them he has paid back his debt. His understanding of the primitive and complex in their natures is a little bewildering even to those of us who think we know ourselves. The parasite, the doll, the rebel, the angel, the idiot, and the over-woman must all acknowledge that this man has somehow surprised many secrets which women themselves, as yet, scarcely realise. It is as if he has been eavesdropping at the threshold of their souls and envying them their rôle in the race-work of the world. His mother was his first revelation of the sweetness and strength of woman. No one can of course as yet declare who will be the last to intensify his belief in women, but he can say with Ezekiel that "his mother is as a vine within his blood." Nothing has puddled the clear waters in which the faun and the Christ in this student have looked into the mirror of women's natures. When Justice Jeune resigned his seat as judge of the Divorce Court in England, he made a somewhat peculiar statement. He declared that the thing that had struck him most in his long experience in these painful subjects was the goodness of human nature. After

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years of analysis of a subject ignored or tabooed, even by clergymen, doctors, and schoolmasters, Havelock Ellis can say much the same thing as Judge Jeune, because both have realised the terrific struggles of Love in order to come to a new birth. Love is still bound in the traditions of sin, well-meaning idiocy, or jealous bondage. Sins and shames, however, are better than stagnations because of the forging power of the pain consequent upon them. Havelock Ellis's attitude to sex and to woman is the attitude of the future man to the future woman. To be the over-man, or the over-woman, in these matters is neither easy nor popular, because sexual equality is not only an economic but a spiritual matter. It is for this very reason that the vote, imperative as it is to obtain it, is only one spoke in the great wheel and not an end in itself. It is the harmonious spiritual circle which is of vital importance and such matters as heredity, education, environment, and eugenics are equally important parts of the great whole. The forerunner is of infinite value just because he sees deeply and truly into shallows and abysses alike, and realises the difference between the transient and the eternal.

Very early in life Havelock Ellis was interested in this greatest modern problem—the problem of sex. His own mental unrest as a youth made him ponder on these matters. Fate sent him, when little more than a youth, to Australia to be a schoolmaster. While living in a wood there and doing everything for himself, Nature, as is her way in solitude, began her lessons to her child. Shelley had been the chosen poet of his boyhood, but in this solitude Nature became the dynamic force which made him investigate the writings which woke the smouldering fire. James Hinton, especially, became the ferment urging this embryo philosopher into declarations which attack conventions and accentuate verities. While in the lonely bush, where he sometimes used to read to himself for company, with Nature as his interpreter, he realised that to understand his own life and problems would probably be the first and best way to help the lives of others. Up to the age of fifteen he was intensely religious with that tinge of melancholy which belongs so entirely to youth. At sixteen doubts assailed him. The universe, which in his early years seemed crammed with divine personalities, suddenly assumed the shape of a vast and cruel machinery—a machinery relentless and passionless.

All vital conversions seem to be instantaneous. A trifling word, a skylark singing in a blue sky, the sudden meeting of eyes or hands, a voice heard within or without, may alter a life or change a dynasty. It is as if Mother Nature had a sudden permit to stretch a human ear or open a human eye, to reveal the intangible behind the tangible. It was a vivid realisation that the universe is a living *whole*, and that there is a oneness beneath all apparent contradictions that made Havelock Ellis know, in a flash, that the infinitely great and the finitely small are locks and keys in a scheme greater than any human brain can conceive. He became in a moment a man of faith, a faith involving no intellectual beliefs, and far removed from all creeds and superstitions. He has never lost that vision. It lies at the background of his six books on the *Psychology of Sex*, and is at the root

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of his studies of the Abnormal, the Criminal, the Man of Genius. It brings light to his serious face when looking at pictures or listening to music. It is behind the holiday mood which enables him to realise the soul of Spain and the colour and charm of Morocco. It has enabled him to see the Angel with the flaming sword behind those revelations of the intimacies and crudities of the sexual life which to many only suggest disorder or dirt. We find it in embryo in his early book *The New Spirit*, and in more diverse and elaborate detail in the book of *Impressions and Comments*.

Like Hinton, Havelock Ellis never went to a public school or college, or passed brilliant examinations. He has learned through Nature, Love and Life. He is so sincere that any woman loving him must feel the need of wings in order to protect him when he makes those deliberate statements which are often misunderstood by gross men and sentimental women. To wage a war against impurities and insincerities enables one to realise the limitations of language and the omnipotence of stupidity overshadowed by fear.

Many criticise this man's love of solitude, but where would his work be if society or domesticity had chained his liberty? It may interest those who believe in the emancipation of women to know that economically he and I have lived as the man and woman of the future will most certainly live—interdependent with regard to matters having to do with love, and independent in all things concerning money. It is our mutual belief that love and comradeship cannot be bought or sold, and that to keep love, friendship, or even comradeship in its own sphere and apart from any commercial transaction is as great an avenue to "Love's Coming of Age" as eugenics or any other evolved scheme for the regeneration of mankind. Of course, under present economic conditions, and in the face of the fact that marriage may involve parenthood, it is difficult to live wholly on the new lines, but these difficulties can be overcome by sensible and sensitive people. If we all wait for a miracle to pave the way toward equality and experiment we shall remain where we are. The forerunner sees and dares—the conventionalist sees and shrinks. The forerunner is called and follows—the coward disobeys. It is possible that nearly all sin has its centre in this fact of seeing and shunning, for we are all responsible only when we know the best and yet deliberately take the second-best.

In his experiments in living and in his books Havelock Ellis is a forerunner and has paid the price that groundlings pay to gods if they hope to join their ranks. But to this student, pain or loss or disentanglement in any guise have ceased to corrode or to shock or to enervate. With Nietzsche he can declare that what does not kill, strengthens.

He is literally always working, but his work is a radiant play as he can never do anything he does not enjoy. He declares that he has never done an unselfish thing in his life. If he does it, he enjoys it—otherwise he considers it is a sort of insult to the people upon whom he has practised virtue. Nevertheless, there is a slight suspicion of both drudgery and unselfishness in his attitude to his voluminous correspondence. From schoolgirls to specialists he is inundated with letters which in many ways are indeed

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an education. When an Indian, for instance, writes and asks him why his cat has had a second lot of kittens within a few weeks, or an intense American craves a brief statement of his whole philosophy and especially his views on immortality, he always makes a point of answering. This, for a man with no secretary or typewriter, is no light task. (We both are asked questions which at any rate keep our sense of humour fresh. I once had a serious little note begging me to say what made my hair curl, and briefly answered on a postcard, "God.")

Whether or not Havelock Ellis's attitude toward his correspondence is unselfishly heroic, he is a real recluse, and it is just the change of work which enables him, if material circumstances or social intrusions do not drag him from his desk, to keep, as it were, his fingers on the pulse of every type of man and woman in order to understand the meaning of the rhythm.

In all the years I have known him I have never once heard him condemn a human being. "They do not understand" is the worst retaliation he expressed, when in 1898, six years after our marriage, the prosecution of the first book in the series of *Sex Studies* was brought forward. It was in the silly season when the police were evidently idle and George Bedborough was prosecuted for the sale of what was then termed an "obscene" book. It is an old story now, but it aged us both and made us feel that puritanism and purity are foes rather than allies. A defence fund was started, but Bedborough pleaded "guilty" and took the defence out of counsel's mouth. Havelock Ellis, student, philosopher, doctor, and humanist, was called "obscene" in the leading London papers because a scientific book, as technical as a book on midwifery, was made an occasion for a silly season prosecution. He stood his ground, however, and wrote his defence calmly, taking Milton's immortal words in *Areopagitica* as the text of his plea for free speech.

This prosecution is many years ago now, but the vague maliciousness and vulgar curiosity of the gossip-monger have never been entirely dissipated. Semi-truths more dangerous than untruths, and untruths more absurd than even garbled truths have fortified him against regret in his St. Jerome cell, where the things that matter most are in evidence. It is to America that we owe the fact that the six books on the *Psychology of Sex* have not all shared the same fate as the first one of the series, and it is therefore in America that I feel it an unusual privilege to speak my thoughts about this forerunner. A curious sequel with regard to the prosecution came under our notice not long ago, proving that ill-repute one day may change into good repute the next, and that what is an offence in one country is a defence in another: a judge in an American morals court let off a prisoner with a small penalty on condition that he read these very books burned twelve years ago in England.

"What you oppose you assist," is one of this forerunner's favourite sayings. He has realised that life is a force like a spiral: that is, that it is a series of expansions and resistances. There must be both or there is a lack of real energy. To have a perfect whole there must be inconsistencies. "Life, even in the plant," he says in *Impressions and*

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Comments, "is a tension of opposing forces. Whatever is vital is contradictory, and if of two views we wish to find out which is the richer and the more fruitful, we ought perhaps to ask ourselves which embodies the more contradictions." In other paragraphs of *Impressions*, *Little Things*, *Apples and Pears*, and other apparently insignificant subjects, the universality of his outlook is shown in what appears to him to be the delicate intonations of human life. The whole book is a sort of diary of his own mental atmosphere and personal impressions and not, as in many of his sex and criminal studies, a restrospect of those men and views of his age which make many footnotes essential.

In this connection, a laughable incident once happened in our little Cornish village, when a casual tourist pointed us out and asked who we were.

"Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, my dear," said our neighbour who was weeding in her garden, "they'm both writers."

"Oh!" said the tourist, who later became one of our friends, "and what do they write?"

The old neighbour leaned over the wall, trowel in hand, and said in a whisper: "He do write out of other people's books, but she do write them out of her own head-piece."

There is another story I tell to those who like to know me because I know him, for it credits him with my title to fame in the same village. A gentleman arrived at our local station and asked where Havelock Ellis lived. The man he addressed scratched his head and pondered. "Do you mean he with the three donkeys?" he asked. What the would-be interviewer was ruminating as he walked up our valley to the cottage I have never known.

It has been well said that only a sense of humour can keep a man alive for a serious purpose, but perhaps one may add that only a sense of beauty can enable a man to do well the imperative scullery work in science or medicine which explains to the multitude the apparent contradictions and seeming ugliness of the primitive facts of life.

With Edward Carpenter, Olive Schreiner, and James Hinton, Havelock Ellis sees the significance of Love as a fine art, rather than as a frenzied episode or as a mere primitive egotism. He has the faith of the forerunner when he analyses and seeks to understand what Lecky calls the "most mournful and the most awful figure in history." He knows that the cure, alike for the puritan and the prodigal, lies in the evolution of the greater love which knows neither repression nor excess. In this wider and deeper and more joyous love is the richer life of the world. The true lover, combining spontaneity with spiritual order, is the rarest and sweetest product of evolution. The policeman, even the eugenic policeman, is only a makeshift. Why men like Havelock Ellis accentuate the need for eugenic education is not because they build their faith on any system of defence against race degeneracy, but because they realise that it is better to try to purify the race by prevention of evils than to spend incalculable time in eliminating the products of the excess of freedom. Eugenics must follow education, the education which makes personal responsibility a large factor in race cleanliness. It has its great dangers, but it has its definite place in a scheme of social

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hygiene. We have not sufficient knowledge or humanity as yet, to enact laws as to who are fit or unfit to marry. What we need is deeper knowledge and an increased sense of personal responsibility toward the race. Every artist must learn technique, even the Love-Artist, and eugenics may possibly take the place scales have in teaching music.

Havelock Ellis sees as a forerunner, an onlooker, a mystic and a Spartan. Love and Art are his keys to the Universe. In love he hears music and in music the rhythm of life and love and death in one. Statistics are valuable to him only as notes to the musician. Facts are useful to him as words are to the poet, and ethics essential as colour to the artist, who knows how to use notes, words, and colour to interpret spiritual realities. For spiritual realities are what we are all seeking. It is a sort of jealousy we feel toward a forerunner which makes us crucify him or try to blow out his torch before he can hand it on to another. The true forerunner, however, can always die smiling —for he sees.

PEACE-TIME NOVELS*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

It is natural that as the war presses on us more and more, insisting that it is the only thing to be talked of or thought about, we should find ourselves increasingly furtive or apologetic about other interests. Stories—for instance—ought we to write and read them when tragic history is being made all about us? Ought we to have anything to do with them, anyhow, unless they boldly tackle the great theme itself, and make serious work with it? Artists like Joseph Conrad and Maurice Hewlett, unable on the spur of the moment to use the war, have felt a word of apology to be necessary in presenting new tales of the old sort. The situation is set forth fully and courageously in Archibald Marshall's introduction to *The Graftons*. Its forerunner, *Abington Abbey*, appears to have been fallen foul of by American critics as "something of an anachronism." "Perhaps it is," Mr. Marshall admits with a shrug. "In the fourth year of the war, life as it is depicted in these two novels seems already far away. But what is a novelist of manners to do, granted the assumption—admittedly debatable—that he is to go on writing novels at all? He must either write *about* the war, in one or other of its far-reaching effects upon life, or else he must leave it alone altogether. At least, those are the only alternatives that I have felt to be open to me; and, after having written one

*The Graftons. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Statue in the Wood. By Richard Pryce. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Nocturne. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Happy Garret. Personal Recollections of Hebe Hill. Edited by V. Goldie. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Foe-Farrell. By "Q" (Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch). New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Mainland. By E. L. Grant Watson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

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novel with the war as its deliberate climax, I have chosen the latter. When the war is over, it will be possible to take its adjustments into account as affecting every-day life, but while it is going on I do not think it is possible. It looms too big. Minor affairs would lose their values in contrast with it, and truth would suffer." Mr. Marshall also believes that in stories of the older, quieter age, both writers and readers may rightly escape for an hour from the torment of the present. That a good many people share this feeling would seem to be suggested by the fact that many of the better current novels—all of those I am to speak of here—have nothing whatever to do with the war.

The Graftons is a sequel to *Abington Abbey*, disposing quietly and comfortably of the pleasant family group we met and strolled with in the earlier narrative. The second daughter, Beatrix, who, it will be recalled, so narrowly escaped the catastrophe of marriage with a Frenchman (all Frenchmen being immoral!), is here awarded to an eminently suitable mate, heir to a title and a neighbouring country estate. That loathly parson, the Reverend A. Salisbury Mercer, if he does not altogether get his desserts, is at least removed from the scene. And Caroline, our favourite and her father's, makes a satisfactory if unexpected marriage with young Bradby; who remains an obscure and rather awkward figure till the moment of his elevation to the post of consort. I cannot help feeling that Mr. Marshall brings about this technical mésalliance as a sort of vindication of his freedom from mercenary considerations. In his present introduction he deplores the accusation by American critics of his giving "an idyllic picture of a state of things which is based upon rotten foundations, and either of leaving out of account or of deliberately shutting my eyes to the rottenness." He makes a very good defence against this on the ground that his is an art of manners, that it has to do with English country house life, and that, after all, economic changes and social revolutions are not likely to affect the character of that way of living. But he does not "cover" the really piquant item, from our point of view, of his Trollopean preoccupation with Property as the corner-stone of being. We feel that he and his George Grafton are doing an heroic thing in letting their beloved Caroline marry Bradby, who is not her equal in breeding or worldly estate. In fact, it is made quite clear that neither of them approves the alliance; and that they tolerate it only because they are sure that Caroline, being herself, can do no wrong. . . . Caroline's departure leaves the good George at a loose end, and he is in some peril of a consolatory union with the charming young widow who has long been intimate in his household. This comes to nothing, however, and fortunately there is a daughter left to George who now shows herself to be old enough and devoted enough to assure him a few years of that domestic coddling upon which he depends for his happiness. A thoroughly nice fellow, old George, but not conspicuously fit for a life outside the harem.

The Statue in the Wood is another story in the English country house setting, but of vastly different flavour. I ought to confess that I have not been able to enjoy most

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of Richard Pryce's fiction as many people seem to have enjoyed it. I admire its comeliness but I do not relish its scent—the boudoir muskiness that belies its air of pagan detachment. The voice is a Meredith's but the hands are those of a Hichens! In *The Statue in the Wood* a situation of rather stark "realism" or even animalism is made the basis of a vast deal of sentimental embroidery, and is then labeled romance. Told in the simple, natural manner of Mr. Marshall, for example, the story would be frankly offensive. Ann Forester and Timothy Coram, indeed, begin with a relation not unlike that of Caroline Grafton and Maurice Bradby. Ann happens to be young widow and chatelaine instead of eldest daughter; Coram, like Bradby, is the "land agent" of the estate. Coram, however, is not only a man of breeding, but an Apollo. To speak in the vulgate, all the ladies are wont to "fall for him." He, out of kindliness, is wont to be complaisant: more as a sort of male Trilby, we gather, than as a modern Tom Jones. Several fine ladies in Ann's neighbourhood have shared his favours. Presently Ann gives her heart to him in secret. He is vaguely moved toward her; but the inheritance of a competency makes it possible for him to see the world as he has always longed to do. Here we begin our artificial approach to our stark situation. Ann loves him and despairs at the prospect of his departure; but she will not lift a finger or move an eyelid to keep him. Therefore handsome Timothy does not dream that she longs for him to stay and marry her; and when at the last moment she throws herself into his arms, he thinks it is merely the kind of demand he has met before, and honours it "humbly," according to his good-natured code. Here is the whole scene. They have parted formally; he has gone on, but Ann knows where to intercept him on his return homeward through the night. She must see him again. . . . "So it came that to Coram, in an unusual mood, strung up already by the emotions of the strange evening, excited, aching, even, there appeared out of the shadow of the darkened and silent house the surprising sight of the trembling Ann. He came near to her. Each was mistaken. She, of her want of knowledge, of her very innocence; he, of what his experiences had taught him. She stumbled forward. She was near fainting. She had miscalculated her strength, but his natural tenderness would, anyway, have disarmed her. And he, utterly misapprehending, proud, but very humble also, as one to whom some amazing honour has unexpectedly been done, knew only one way of dealing with a woman whom he found in his arms. . . . Not a hundred words were spoken. Ann always remembered that she had seen tears in his eyes." Three words would have straightened out everything, from the author's point of view; but, for the author's purposes,—they remain unspoken. Then what? Ann, having given so much more than words, does not dream that Coram will go away; he, in his "humility," does not dream that what has passed between them means anything serious to her! So he goes away, and she has a child, and conceals her maternity from the world and him, and after a deal of mystification and delay all is made right, in their author's opinion, between this romantic pair. The offensive

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thing about the whole performance is the voluptuous sentimentalising of a motive essentially artificial, under the conditions. It is a question not of morals but of reality. We are too sure that the author has said to himself, "Come, here is a striking situation, a real novelty. A Victorian pair in a pagan lapse, or phase, has been done before; but not even Meredith has surpassed what we shall make of this, in the sophisticated manner."

How simply and honestly a not dissimilar episode is handled in the *Nocturne* of Frank Swinnerton! This writer has gone through his apprenticeship, has worked self-consciously or imitatively. His admiration for Gissing stamped his early novels with a character not their own,—not his own, at least. His nature, as Mr. Wells points out, is very unlike that of Gissing, since, though he has "had something of Gissing's restricted and grey experiences, he has nothing of Gissing's almost perverse gloom and despondency." We may take it on Mr. Wells's authority that he is a gay though not robust person in the flesh. But this book is neither grey nor gay, neither realism in its docket nor romance in its pigeon-hole. It is a book of fact but also of arrangement, of insight as well as observation; of dramatic action as well as sympathy. In short, it is a work of imaginative art, holding its magic mirror (and not a mere reflector) up to nature. To this roundness and fulness within its slender bounds Mr. Wells is paying tribute when he writes to Mr. Bennett, "You know, Arnold, he achieves a perfection in *Nocturne* that you and I never get within streets of." Mr. Wells enlarges upon his enthusiasm in his Introduction. "This is a book that will not die," he concludes. "It is perfect, authentic, and alive." Authentic or artistic—we may use either word in the effort to express our sense of this story as "the real thing." But I think the main point, which does not seem to be altogether clear to Mr. Wells, is that this is the real thing *as a story*. The Cockney family: Jenny, the milliner's girl; Emmy, the domestic slave; Pa Blanchard, the paralytic remnant of a reckless fellow . . . Alf, the vague satellite. . . . These people with their dingy surroundings fairly offer themselves to the grey method of a Gissing or the jaunty method of a Bennett or the inquisitive method of a Wells. The Swinnerton method is none of these. It is the method of the interpreter who frankly makes truth salient by his skilful manipulation of facts. Here, for example, it is his purpose to compass or focus the meaning of four lives in the events of a single night. To that end he employs without hesitation the familiar instruments of the romancer. He is after, not a slice of life, but a distilled and golden drop of life. That immortal tool of the narrative or dramatic artist which we call "the long arm of coincidence," and mock at when it is perfunctorily wielded, is here employed with bland consummate skill. On this particular London night Jenny and Emmy happen to have it out about Alf; Jenny happens to be magnanimous and to stay at home for her sister's sake; Jenny's holiday lover Keith happens to be at leisure and within reach for a few hours; Jenny happens to yield herself to love. All these things are compassed at the will of the story-teller; but so compassed that we ac-

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cept them with rich gratitude as setting us free from the stupid casual incompletion of "fact." It is the tense and compacted method of drama in contrast with the elaborate haphazard of fiction as it is so often written to-day. As for the meaning or moral of the story, it is inherent, not appended. One feels its quality to be tragic, not sentimental or occasional. Jenny, like Ann Forester, has given herself to a lover who sails away. She has slain her past self, and her future will not hang upon concealments or formal rites of surrender. For her, with her fierce integrity of self-possession, no future can undo the present: "Away from him, released from the spell, Jenny knew that she had yielded to him the freedom she so cherished as her inalienable right. She had given him her freedom. It was in his power. For her real freedom was her innocence and her desire to do right." Therein, in the secret of her own being and not in the further chances of fate or judgments of the world, lies the substance of her "ruin." For all its lesser realism of detail, its economy of materials, and its restraint of manner, the book is charged with high emotion,—which is precisely what we feel the lack of in literary elaborations like *The Statue in the Wood.*

Or in pieces of chill cynicism like *The Happy Garret.* "A hundred imitative louts," says Mr. Wells, in praising Mr. Swinnerton's episode of Alf and Emma walking homeward after the theatre, "could have written a similar chapter brutally, with the soul left out, we've loads of such 'strong stuff' and it is nothing." *The Happy Garret* is a book with the soul left out. It has the familiar qualities of recent British fiction of the science-and-journalism-bred sort. It has the brilliancy and candour of Wells without his eager faith in something or other beyond or to come. Under a thin mask of autobiography it tells the story of a very "modern" young woman's early adventures in sex and pleasure as offered by the shady night life of London. The author is supposed to be her "editor," and to have persuaded her to attempt these memoirs. In a modern way they suggest the "Memoirs of a Lady of Quality," which give variety to the pages of *Peregrine Pickle.* Not that Hebe Hill is a wanton. On the contrary, she is a rather cold and self-contained young egotist, determined to go her own way without fear or favour. She has no more bias or shame about the manifestations of sex than about any other aspect of human experience. Vice and virtue look much alike to her; what revolts her is convention. But it revolts her, she does not succeed in being indifferent to it; and there is more than a trace of defiance mingled with her off-handed disclaimers of responsibility. For her, however, self-possession involves the right of self-surrender; she is incapable of understanding the feeling of Mr. Swinnerton's Jenny, since freedom for her has nothing to do with "innocence and the desire to do right." In short, this is a very hard and slightly self-conscious young person, with lax manners and a fleering mind. Only her feminine beauty, of which we lack the advantage, can have stolen for her the few friends and lovers wherewith she credits herself. Born of a good-natured, feeble Welsh bookseller and a drunken, vulgar mother, she makes a bad start. While still in her teens she sets out for

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London and the study of medicine. She makes progress, but finds her work tedious, and presently drifts into a fast, vulgar group whose rendezvous is a night club called the Happy Garret. The quality of the whole book may be suggested by the tone of her retrospect, as an old habituée, of her first impression of this place and its patrons: "Poor, dear, dull old Garret! What a strange thing novelty is! I had, for quite a little while, an uncontrollable longing to escape from this horrible attic, where people quarrelled and drank and shouted, where girls lay openly and unashamedly in the arms of the men seated by them and offered their mouths to be kissed, where men masqueraded as women, and little school-girls danced frantically or amorously with loose, rowdy students and men about town. Curiosity saved me from making a fool of myself. The place was beastly but interesting; and by the time the first inquisitiveness of my mind had worn off, I began to see what a fuss I had been making about nothing."

A very clever and witty book, as to detail, but choked with city foulness and *ennui*. We escape into the open in turning from it even to a story like Quiller-Couch's *Foe-Farrell*. This is frankly a yarn, and a pretty unpleasant one. But it is all above-board, we know what journey we are in for from the outset, and need not embark with the author unless we like and have stomach for the kind of thing. My own feeling is that he does not quite pull off his undertaking. He has made too much or not enough of his motive. As it stands, or as he handles it, we have a sense of distress such as we might have had if Stevenson had combined *Treasure Island* and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* in a single story. It is all too horrid for fun and not horrid enough for awe. Again we have the fatal conviction that the author has consciously hit upon a new idea or situation and at once set about exploiting it, instead of permitting it to ripen or develop into something worthy of serious expression. Foe is a great investigator, who is on the eve of perfecting a series of studies which will change the face of science, when his laboratory and the notes which are the fruit of years of labour are swept off by fire. This disaster may be indirectly laid to the door of one Farrell, a puffy tradesman who has taken a political "line" against Foe and certain alleged cruelties practised in his laboratories. The two have met once, and hated on sight. Now Foe gives up his work in despair, and consecrates his life to vengeance upon Farrell. This is to be a vengeance of fear, a slow torture which shall delay its end until there shall be little of the victim left to dispose of. Over the earth and through the years Foe follows Farrell. A strange companionship springs up between the pair. Often they live together or travel together for long periods; Farrell being helpless or half-reconciled to the presence of his tormentor, who makes no secret of his ultimate purpose. Finally they are cast away together on the inevitable island; and opportunity comes to Foe to desert his sick enemy and escape upon a passing ship. Meanwhile they have been exchanging natures and even appearances; when they meet in London later, it is Farrell who takes the ascendancy and Foe who cringes. However, there is no happy ending for them.

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The tale is supposed to be told in a dugout at the front by the English officer who has known of the whole affair from the beginning—a merely perfunctory use of the war-handle for taking a grip on the narrative. As I have said, the blend of varied adventure, social comedy, exotic scenery, and cold hate, is queer rather than impressive: too much of the "stunt" about the whole performance.

The Mainland, with an equally varied scene and action, is a far more solid and satisfying piece of fiction. It is imaginative, and not merely ingenious; it aspires to interpret in the act of entertaining. In a way it is a sequel to this writer's strange first story, *Where Bonds Are Loosed*. My impression of that story was of uneven and on the whole repellent force. There was a sultry and nervous strain over most of it, that menace of insanity which seems always hovering over the white man in the tropics. In the end the air is cleared by a tremendous coup. I felt it as a coup, but with certain misgivings: what if, after all, our coup were merely a "punch"? In the light of the present narrative I feel sure that it was not. To the strange pair upon their island, withdrawn from the squalors and the inhibitions of the civilised world, has been born a son. John Sherwin inherits his father's strength and his mother's comeliness. He is happy with them as a boy, but the approach of manhood calls him to the mainland; and he sets out upon the adventures which make up this book. It is the old story of youth that gropes for its path and, after much stumbling and many bruises, at last sets foot upon it with confidence and pride. John Sherwin is not a Galahad; he is a strong man of normal instincts and more than average decency. His is a very "modern" story, without reservations in favour of the young person or the old. But it passes without effort what is after all the ultimate test in the handling of sex matters—it is absolutely free from piquancy or provocation, and it has a genuine reverence for the bond of sex as contrasted with the game of sex. One person in the tale, Hilda Vance, is rather too like a Hebe Hill in her detached exercise of sex rights, among others, to be palatable. But we may take or leave her as an incident: John Sherwin's main concern, and ours, is the finding of a very different sort of woman, a mate and not a playmate. Hilda, with her alert strength, her "hard glitter" and absence of emotionalism, can offer little to a man compared with Mary Dixon's old-fashioned womanliness, her "spiritual gladness," her soul that is "pure, strong for adventure." Mary, we have time to see, is by no means a prig; and we suffer no misgivings about Sherwin's future with her in that fair country, safely remote from the cities of his scorn, in which they are to take up life together.

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THE WOOD MAZE

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

In the forest day by day
I and Bird-in-hand would play:
"Hide-and-seek," or "touch-and-go"
Kept us running to and fro,
Happy on forbidden ground.
Lovely dangers lurked around.

Thus, one day, her game began:
"Catch me! catch me, if you can!
"Catch me! catch me!" to her side
Running quickly, oh, I tried!
Saw her dancing up and down,—
Bobbing curls and eyes of brown.

Light of heart, and light of foot,
Sprang she from the hazel root,
Climbing through the hazel boughs
Up into the fairies' house.
There a moment cried her fill:
"Catch me! catch me!" Then was still.

And the fairies, green and gold,
Lighted down and took soft hold
Of my dear; and like a leaf
Up in air—oh! fairy thief,
Fairy thief!—away sprang she,
Never to come back to me.

In the forest now all day,
Watching how the branches sway,
All alone with mother-wit
Here beneath the boughs I sit,
And look up; and when the breeze
Stirs the leaves upon the trees,
Know that she is one of these.

"Catch me! catch me!" day by day,
That is what they seem to say,—
Fairy leaves of green and gold;
Light comes down, and takes soft hold,
Withers them; and then comes wind,
Shakes them: how the woods are thinned!

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Underneath the hazel shade
Here a bed of leaves I've made.
Comfort, comfort, oh! come down,
Bobbing curls and eyes of brown,
Let us end as we began:
"Catch me, catch me, if you can!"

Leaf, I cannot tell apart,
Grief for thee hath stretched my heart!
Every leaf that I see fall
Now I love; I keep them all.
Little comforts—such a crumb!—
"Catch me, catch me!" down they come.

Long it takes to make the bed
Where together we'll be wed.
All alone with mother-wit
Here beneath the boughs I sit;
Down they come; and when the breeze
Lifts the last leaf from the trees,
I shall have her—one of these.

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WHAT TO READ THIS SUMMER

In this year of grace, 1918, there is no summer season. People will look back on these years of war as unique in the lives of this generation, certainly, and in many respects as different from human experience at any other period of the world's history. The familiar attitude toward the playtime months of the year has vanished. No one is "going away" in the sense that the world and its concerns are to be forgot. We shall carry with us wherever we go the inescapable concern for the fortunes of a vast body of men and women engaged in a colossal enterprise. People are in no mood to forget or lose touch with this enterprise; and the means to remain with one's finger on the pulse, so to speak, are provided in the books that register every quickening beat of the world's arteries. Never before in the memory of man has the printer been so "mobilised" and made part and parcel of the war energy of a people. In this list are grouped some of the better things which men and women at home or abroad will want to read and re-read for better information as well as amusement.

WAR

In Our First Year of War. By Woodrow Wilson.

A companion volume to *Why We Are At War*. The second inaugural address, with the President's messages and addresses in the first calendar year of the war.

The Iron Ration. By George Abel Schreiner.

The uncensored truths about war-time Germany and her allies—told by one who both stood in the bread-line and dined in a palace.

A Flying Fighter. By Lieut. E. M. Roberts, R.F.C.

An American boy in France, his miraculous escapes and his brave work during his twenty-two months in the air.

Outwitting the Hun. By Lieut. Pat O'Brien, R.F.C.

The exciting adventures of a young Chicago aviator who was taken prisoner by the Huns. This book tells of the seventy-two days of escape to Holland frontier and safety, of the hardships and perils he endured, and of the splendid way in which he "won out."

The Winning of the War. By Roland G. Usher.

A sequel to *Pan-Germanism;* it analyses the objectives of the Germans and of the Allies, the nature of victory, the progress thus far made toward it, and the reasons why victory has been postponed.

The Real Front. By Arthur Hunt Chute.

An inner story of the war written by a man who was not only an actual combatant, but a trained war correspondent as well. It deals with life at the front as he saw it and felt it, with the hidden things within the hearts of the men.

Credit of the Nations. By J. Laurence Laughlin.

An interesting study of war finance up to the entrance of our country as a belligerent—a result of close study of the operations of England, France, and Germany.

War Letters of Edmond Genet. Edited by Grace Ellery Channing.

Charmingly boyish letters by the first American aviator killed flying the Stars and Stripes—the great, great grandson of the first Minister from the French Republic to the United States.

"Over There" with the Australians. By Captain R. Hugh Knyvett.

A war book worth while; it writes fresh

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pages of history. How the fighting Anzacs were swiftly trained and transported across the seas, what they did in Egypt, at Gallipoli and France is the background of the story.

Under the German Shells. By Emmanuel Bourcier.

An eminent French man of letters—a member of the French commission to the United States, and a former instructor at Camp Grant—pictures the life of the French poilu as he has shared it.

The U-Boat Hunters. By James B. Connolly.

The activity of our destroyers against the U-boats and our navy's part abroad in this war are described by Mr. Connolly, who has had unusual opportunity for observing the navy from the inside.

With the Fighting Fleets. By Ralph D. Paine.

A brilliant narrative of both the daily life and high fighting moments of our boys afloat, to thrill every American.

In the Heart of German Intrigue. By Demetra Vaka.

A notable contribution to the secret history of the war; an entertaining account of adventures in Greece in the very heart of perhaps the most important campaign of intrigue the Germans have initiated.

The Faith of France. By Maurice Barrès.

A translation: Barrès, the recognised interpreter and mouthpiece of *les jeunes* in the trenches, after studying thousands of letters and talking with hundreds of young soldiers, pieces together a compelling picture of the spiritual unity of fighting France.

High Adventure. By James Norman Hall.

A narrative of the air fighting in France, with a special appeal for the thousands of American boys who are soon to undertake the same High Adventure.

Over Periscope Pond. By Esther Sayles Root and Marjorie Crocker.

A joyous war book of letters from Paris revealing the spirit of feminine young America: a brave and self-sacrificing spirit, a worthy complement to the unquestioning and unquestioned valour of the brothers of such girls to-day.

The Odyssey of a Torpedoed Transport.

A first-hand account, by a young French officer, of the deadly game of hide-and-seek ceaselessly played between submarine and merchantman on the broad waters of the Atlantic.

Keeping Up With William. By Irving Bacheller.

A complete antidote to German propaganda: humour like the fun behind the lines. The author throws many verbal bombs into the enemy's trenches.

The Emma Gees. By Captain H. W. McBride.

A true story of the machine guns or the M. G.'s, by a late captain who was in the thickest of it.

Private Peat, His Own Soldier Story.

A story to be read and enjoyed when other and more serious war books are forgotten.

A Nation at Bay. By Ruth S. Farnam.

The story of Sergeant Farnam's experiences in foreign relief work, in the Allied hospitals, in the Serbian Red Cross, and on the Balkan battle-fields.

The Boys' Military Manual. By Virgil D. Collins.

Training, organisation, duties, construction and use of firearms, military maps, and other important information for both parents and their sons.

Dere Mable. By Lieut. Edward Streeter.

Love letters of a rookie: experiences of a "simple soldier" told to his best girl with genuine humour.

Army and Navy Uniforms and Insignia. By Col. Dion Williams.

Up-to-the-minute chapters are added on such subjects as the American Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. Workers, enrolled women of the navy.

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LETTERS TO THE MOTHER OF A SOLDIER. By Richardson Wright.

A manual of arms for mothers, whose sons are going over the top.

SURGEON GROW: AN AMERICAN IN THE RUSSIAN FIGHTING.

Personal experiences of an American "fighting physician," who served with the Russians through three great campaigns.

A "TEMPORARY GENTLEMAN" IN FRANCE. By Captain A. J. Dawson.

Home letters from an officer at the front—a real record of actual experience in the war.

FIRST CALL. By Arthur Guy Empey.

Guide posts to Berlin—advice and suggestions that will safeguard our boys in France.

OVER THE TOP. By Arthur Guy Empey.

The book that has been selling at the rate of two hundred and fifty copies every business hour since its publication last June.

AIRCRAFT AND SUBMARINES. By W. J. Abbot.

An explanation and discussion of the two most important weapons contributed by inventive genius to the war.

RUSSIA IN UPHEAVAL. By Edward Alsworth Ross.

The sociologist presents, from first-hand experience, not only the revolution itself, but its origins in the past and its probable results in the future.

"LADIES FROM HELL." By R. D. Pinkerton.

One of the "Ladies From Hell," as the Germans called the Scotchmen in kilts who came tearing through their lines, has captured the spirit of the front in this account of his months of training and fighting.

AIRCRAFT IN WAR AND COMMERCE. By W. H. Berry.

How the aeroplane is built, how it is flown, how it can be fought best, what it will mean to the future—are some of the interesting things told in this book.

FACE TO FACE WITH KAISERISM. By James W. Gerard.

An account of the situation of the neutral countries of Europe, a warning to our own country to beware of German propaganda, a revelation of German statecraft from the inside, an exposure of the German spy system, and an analysis of conditions in the United States as the author finds them.

WHEN THE SOMME RAN RED. By Captain A. R. Dugmore.

The author's adventures with the camera and the gun—snapping the boche in Belgium and helping smash the German line on the Somme—forms one of the most thrilling chronicles of the war.

WINGED WARFARE. By Major W. A. Bishop.

A history of supermen who are lovably human, of warriors whose experience holds but one "terrible moment," the moment of investiture.

JAPAN OR GERMANY. By Frederick Coleman.

The inside story of the struggle in Siberia: the author discusses with first-hand knowledge, the situation in Russia, Siberia, Japan, and the Far East.

THE NEW BOOK OF MARTYRS. By Georges Duhamel.

The record of a French doctor: true and unforgettable tales of the nameless heroes of the French front—a thing of wonder, of unspeakable sadness, of shining glory.

THE ECLIPSE OF RUSSIA. By Dr. E. J. Dillon.

A revelation of the genius and the weakness of the Russian people; an analysis of the underlying reasons for their gigantic attempts and still more gigantic failures.

THE FLYING POILU. By Marcel Nadaud. (Translated by Frances Wilson Huard).

A most delicate yet realistic romance of the French aviation service, full of humour, breathless excitement, pathos, gaiety—in a word, of the inimitable French *élan*.

THE WAY OUT OF WAR. By Dr. Robert T. Morris.

Not a political discussion of peace—but a biological view of the death that Prussia has decreed for herself.

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CAVALRY OF THE CLOUDS. By Captain Alan Bott, M.C.

Experiences of a very young newspaper man who joined the Air Corps; he early prophesied the great part the airplane would have in winning the war.

BLOWN IN BY THE DRAFT. By Frazier Hunt.

Chronicles of the author's observations as a newspaper correspondent in the great National Army Cantonment at Camp Upton; the making of a great American national army through conscription.

COMRADES IN COURAGE. By Lieut. Antoone Redier.

A book to inspire a soldier to fight with devotion and courage.

S. O. S. STAND To! By Sergeant Reginald Grant.

A young gunner's experiences during three years under hell-fire in the front line trenches of the Somme.

OUT THERE. By Charles W. Whitehair.

A Y. M. C. A. man's three years' experiences on all fronts.

THE A. E. F.—WITH PERSHING'S ARMY. By Heywood Broun.

A true account of what happened to the boys who made up the first unit of the American Expeditionary Force in France, given by a war correspondent who went to Paris with them.

DRIFTING WITH BROWNE. By Byers Fletcher.

A delightful bit of reminiscing about prewar days by a soldier convalescing after the push on the Somme.

A SURGEON IN ARMS. By Capt. R. J. Manion, M.D.M.C.

A Canadian surgeon's experiences with the medical corps on the Western front.

UNDER FOUR FLAGS FOR FRANCE. By Capt. George Clarke Musgrave.

A complete history of the war from the American point of view.

AMERICAN WOMEN AND THE WORLD WAR. By Ida Clyde Clark.

A complete story of American women's part in war work.

AMBULANCE 464. By Julien H. Bryan.

"This is my first book," says Mr. Bryan, a lad of eighteen, "and I have tried to tell as simply as possible a few of the many things which happened to our section 'over there.'"

INSIDE THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. By Rheta Childe Dorr.

A vivid personal narrative of the author's actual experiences in Russia—conditions, individuals, and interviews.

THE OLD FRONT LINE. By John Masefield.

His account is vivid. Through the eyes of a great poet, the reader sees the old front line as it was when the great battle of the Somme began.

A WAR NURSE'S DIARY. Illustrated.

High courage, deep sympathy without sentimentality and an all-saving sense of humour are the salient features of this little book.

FICTION

THE U. P. TRAIL. By Zane Grey.

A transcontinental story, as big as from East to West, a tale of the buoyant, passionate days of youth in which we see built the first great railroad, from the surveys to the final silver spike.

MISS AMERIKANKA. By Olive Gilbreath.

This romance of an American girl in Russia during the beginning of the war, reveals the soul of the Russia that has passed, and helps in understanding the Russia that is to come.

THE YELLOW DOG. By Henry Irving Dodge.

A story for all patriotic Americans. One that will help them to unearth the "yellow dogs" who lurk round every corner, dropping an unpatriotic word here or a seditious remark there. A piece of splendid patriotism and a corking book.

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GASLIGHT SONATAS. By Fannie Hurst.

Women's hearts are what she uncovers in her new book. Selfish and self-denying, *frivolous and simple, all beat with life*, each in its own rhythm of femininity.

MY BOY IN KHAKI. By Della Thompson Lutes.

A story of a mother who must give up her son and realizes that this is the right thing to do; a remarkable message of comfort to every American mother.

THE GIRL IN HIS HOUSE. By Harold MacGrath.

An Arabian Nights mystery in modern New York. A rich clubman, a taxi-cab, a respectable house—and presto! there is a *mystery fit for a king.*

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN. By Rupert Hughes.

A novel based on the brutality of the German soldiers toward defenceless women in the war zone and especially in Belgium. The plot is woven round two American women caught by the invaders in a Belgium convent and a third woman, who attempts to save them.

THE AIR-MAN AND THE TRAMP. By Jennette Lee.

A bit of real romance about a lonely heiress in a big old house, with a great deal of mystery which is happily cleared up in the wind-up.

YOU NO LONGER COUNT. By Rene Boylesve.

A translation of the story which took Paris by storm—of the transformation of a woman after the loss of her officer husband: a theme of *self* not so much sacrificed as splendidly extinguished by the tragedy of the war.

THE EARTHQUAKE. By Arthur Train.

The adventures and reactions of a typical American family, who finding that America was not only "at war," but "in" the war to the hilt, proceeded, each member in his own way, to do his bit.

FIVE TALES. By John Galsworthy.

Very real stories, intense in feeling and action—each built about a single dominant figure.

THE DEVIL TO PAY. By Frances Nimmo Greene.

A thrilling story of love and mystery beginning with the execution of a cashier for murder and the indictment of the bank president for complicity, and ending with many surprises.

MISS PIM'S CAMOUFLAGE. By Lady Stanley.

A story of humour and adventure, about a British spinster's part in the war.

MARY REGAN. By Leroy Scott.

The adventures of a member of the criminal aristocracy: as Life puts her to the test, a new Mary Regan is developed which she did not guess existed in herself.

THE STATUE IN THE WOOD. By Richard Pryce.

A story with the same qualities of sympathy and delicacy which characterise the author's other work, and with a singularly penetrating knowledge of woman's nature.

IMPOSSIBLE PEOPLE. By Mary C. E. Wemyss.

Humour and sentiment make charming this characteristic story of the author, in which an unconventional and entirely human married pair involve a group of young people in their affairs.

THE STANDARD-BEARERS. By Katherine Mayo.

Tales of the Pennsylvania constabulary—the types of adventure which make up the day's work of State cavalrymen. Some of these stories have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Saturday Evening Post.*

NOBODY'S CHILD. By Elizabeth Dejeans.

A dramatic novel built on family antagonism. From the clash of powerful personalities grows a passionate love story.

OVER HERE. By Ethel M. Kelly.

The story of a war bride—a romance of sacrifice.

THE HOUSE OF INTRIGUE. By Arthur Stringer.

A sit-up-all-night-till-you-finish-it story about a young man with something up his sleeve, and a girl who may be either a crook or a crook-catcher until the last chapter.

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THE WHITE MORNING. By Gertrude Atherton.

An exciting novel of the German revolution that may come.

THE RIDER IN KHAKI. By Nat Gould.

This novel of racing and adventure in the war, introduces the author to America.

SOLDIER'S BOTH. By Gustave Guiches.

A story of France's call to arms—one to military duty and the other to the soil—and of two men who answer it.

THE HOUSE OF CONRAD. By Elias Tobenkin.

The story of the great forces of nationalism about to break in America—the unconscious processes of Americanisation at work upon the souls of immigrants.

E. K. MEANS.

The name of a writer of Louisiana negro stories whose work is so characteristic as to need no other title.

A GIRL ALONE. By H. Evans.

A story of a plucky young woman in London who beat the world that tried to crush her.

THE SECRET OF THE MARNE. By Marcel Berger and Maud Berger.

How Sergeant Fritsch saved France—a novel built around the events of the glorious Marne week and reading like a detective story.

JUST OUTSIDE. By Stacy Aumonier.

The struggle between personality and environment set forth in this author's latest novel, will appeal especially to a person of moods—in fact to people who are not merely motivated vegetables.

THE HAPPIEST TIME OF THEIR LIVES. By Alice Duer Miller.

A love story of the smart set of New York, dealing with the idea of whether sheltered women are stronger or weaker in a crisis than their independent sisters.

THE RETURN OF THE SOLDIER. By Rebecca West.

An English love story of poignancy and splendour, with the background of the war; its plot is unique in fiction.

THE PRETTY LADY. By Arnold Bennett.

The author in a new mood, with all his human lovable qualities in high relief; he deals with certain aspects of social life at home in West End London during the war, sympathetically interpreting the experiences of a rich bachelor of fifty.

CASTE THREE. By Gertrude M. Shields.

A fascinating story of small-town life in the Middle West, in which a young man of pseudo-intellectual ambitions is led to change his ideas.

SECRET BREAD. By F. Tennyson Jesse (new and revised edition).

An impressive work of recent English fiction—the life drama of a man and his search for spiritual rest, the "secret bread" by which all men live.

THE SPY IN BLACK. By J. Storer Clouston.

A tale of secret service, plots, and German spies—beginning with the landing of a U-boat on an English coast, with a dramatic climax in a house on the cliffs.

NOCTURNE. By Frank Swinnerton.

Events occurring in a single night, involving five or six characters. H. G. Wells says, "It is a book that will not die."

PIECES OF EIGHT. By Richard LeGallienne.

A modern tale of buried treasure and the West Indies, with the word painting of the poet—a story to make the reader forget the collapse of Russia, the H.C.L., and other things of the kind.

THE MAKING OF GEORGE GROTON. By Bruce Barton.

The story of an average man's success in business and in love.

THE THREE OF HEARTS. By Berta Ruck (Mrs. Oliver Onions).

The amusing trials of a British infantryman who proposed to three girls in one evening—and was accepted by all three.

THE GRAFTONS. By Archibald Marshall.

More about the delightful English family introduced in *Abington Abbey*—though in no sense a sequel to that story.

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THE NE'ER-DO-MUCH. By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott.

A fanciful tale of a dinner-party given to America's celebrities, with interest centred on four of the guests who tried to hide their identity.

OLD PEOPLE AND THE THINGS THAT PASS. By Louis Couperus.

The remarkable story of two aged people, the secret of whose youth they alone knew —they thought.

GUDRID THE FAIR. By Maurice Hewlett.

A romance of Icelandic heroes and lovers in old Norse days.

POTTERAT AND THE WAR: A Novel. By Benjamin Vallotton.

A story of the war's harrying effect on a big-hearted Swiss—called by the French "Mr. Britling."

GREAT GHOST STORIES. Edited by J. L. French.

Collected from the works of writers of first rank—genuine adventures into the realm of the supernatural.

TALES OF WARTIME FRANCE. Trans. by William L. McPherson.

Examples of the best work produced in France under the stimulus of the war—masterpieces, many of them by unknown authors.

THE TIME SPIRIT. By J. C. Snaith.

The story of a little foundling who succeeds in overcoming class distinctions in England.

THE WAY OUT. By Emerson Hough.

This is the story of the regeneration of the "Shut-In" district of the Cumberlands. It is based on fact.

THE BAG OF SAFFRON. By Bettina von Hutten.

The Baroness von Hutten answers the question of what gives a woman happiness and tells the story of a woman's regeneration.

FLOOD TIDE. By Daniel Chase.

The story of a man essentially a student and dreamer, forced by circumstances into a business career: his success, the price which he pays for it, and the way in which he ultimately achieves happiness.

THE WITCH AND OTHER STORIES. By Anton Chekhov.

Sixteen fascinating stories of peasant life, each arresting in theme and done in the celebrated Russian author's best manner.

THE FLYING TEUTON. By Alice Brown.

A collection of stories several of which have to do with the war. The one giving its title to the book has been called by Mr. O'Brien one of the best stories that has yet come out of the war, and one of the five best short stories published in 1917.

THE WIFE AND OTHER STORIES. By Anton Chekhov.

Nine stories presenting various aspects of the life of the educated class in Russia, and showing Chekhov at his best in character analysis.

FIRST THE BLADE. By Clemence Dane.

A "Comedy of Growth"—the humourous story of two people who are in love and of their development under the influence of their emotions.

FOE-FARRELL. By Quiller-Couch.

A psychological study of the transformation of character: also a rousing story of adventure which takes the principal characters around the world, and involves a number of interesting and unusual people.

HIS SECOND WIFE. By Ernest Poole.

A story of the struggle between two wives—one living, and the other dead, but still strongly making her presence felt.

THE TREE OF HEAVEN. By May Sinclair.

The story of how the war comes to a typical English family who are sacrificing their all in the cause of democracy. Never has the author's ability in character analysis been more clearly evidenced.

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THE MARTIAL ADVENTURES OF HENRY AND ME. By William Allen White.

The experiences of two Red Cross men at the front: the combination of the humourous and the significant, makes a book that is extraordinarily worth while.

THE BOARDMAN FAMILY. By Mary S. Watts.

Many novels have been written about people of genius who rise to fame through the most dreadful struggles and privations. Mrs. Watts begins at the other end of the scale and presents a young woman who did not need to have any trials and could have stayed at home and been taken care of, had she so chosen.

HISTORY

NATIONAL PROGRESS. By Prof. Frederick A. Ogg.

This new volume of *The American Nation,* edited by Professor Hart, of Harvard, furnishes an authoritative and compact history of the last decade, 1907-1917.

ILLINOIS. By Grace Humphrey.

A history told with the accuracy of the professional historian and with the charm of the born romancer.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ROME. By Guglielmo Ferrero. (2 vols.)

The author's method of exposition is not a piece-meal account of events, but an organic exposition of progress and development.

A SHORT HISTORY OF FRANCE. By Mary Duclaux.

A compact unity, giving an impression of France's history in prospective.

EUROPE'S FATEFUL HOUR. By Guglielmo Ferrero.

The fundamental causes and issues of the war from the point of view of a great Italian historian.

AMERICAN NEGRO SLAVERY. By Ulrich B. Phillips.

The entire story of American negro slavery from its beginning including an account of plantation life up to the Civil War.

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THE VOICE OF LINCOLN. By Judge R. M. Wanamaker.

A narrative text of biographical and historical significance. Lincoln's character and genius as revealed in his letters, conversations, and speeches.

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The author's trip through the mountains of the West, giving the reader by proxy the delights of camping and hunting.

IN AUDUBON'S LABRADOR. By Dr. Charles Wendell Townsend.

For nature lovers: an account of a summer cruise along the southern coast of Labrador.

CAPE COD, NEW AND OLD. By Agnes Edwards.

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Fifty years of varied and instructive experience on three continents is interestingly set forth.

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The treatment of the farmer's problems from the point of view of "business efficiency."

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A collection of addresses whose eloquence has moved the hearts of many Americans.

MARY ELIZABETH'S WAR TIME RECIPES.

Recipes for many win-the-war delicacies by a famous cook.

SAVE IT FOR WINTER. By Frederick F. Rockwell.

A practical manual of food preservation, for the housekeeper and gardener.

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THE NEW VOTER. By Charles Willis Thompson.

A little book to instruct and set right the new voter.

FILM FOLK: "CLOSE-UPS" OF THE MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN WHO MAKE THE MOVIES. By Rob Wagner.

A sort of Los Angeles *Canterbury Tales* wherein appear many stories told in the first person. You get a clear idea of how the films are made, and of the manners and customs of the vast movie villages.

THE WAR-WHIRL IN WASHINGTON. By Frank Ward O'Malley.

A humourous picture of the staid old city on the Potomac—a welcome lightening of war burdens from abroad.

THE REAL COLONEL HOUSE.

The most enigmatic figure in world politics; the story of the man who occupies a position without parallel in world diplomacy by reason of his remarkable knowledge and study of international politics.

SIGN TALK. By Ernest Thompson Seton.

A universal signal code without apparatus, for use in such bodies as the army, navy, Boy Scouts, and camping, hunting, and daily life.

THE REVOLUTION ABSOLUTE. By Charles Ferguson.

A new point of view in religion, and in all the social and financial problems of our times—a challenge to all thinkers.

SHANDYGAFF. By Christopher Morley.

The author says, "The book deals with brown eyes, tobacco, books, hay fever, the sorrows of commuters, and the President of the United States. You know the worst."

WOMEN WANTED. By Mabel P. Daggett.

The plain story of what England and France have done for their women's labour reads like a fairy tale, overturning all the economic and labour theories as to women's domestic limitations. The author attempts to answer the question, After the war, what?

PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA AND THE WAR. By Hereward Carrington.

Discussion of the Allied and the German soldier in action, and various phenomena of death noted during this war.

JAPAN AT FIRST HAND. By Joseph I. C. Clarke.

The latest facts about Japan and Japanese business to-day, told in an interesting manner by a keen and unprejudiced observer.

AN ETHICAL PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE. By Felix Adler.

A thoughtful and practical philosophy growing out of the experiences of over forty years spent in actual social service by one of America's foremost thinkers.

THE REGULATION OF RAILWAYS. By Samuel O. Dunn.

A review of American railway regulation, including a discussion of government ownership versus government control.

SOCIOLOGY

THE SCIENCE OF POWER. By Benjamin Kidd.

A war book, but a work of reconstruction, in which the author attempts to answer the question, Where are we to look for the cultural heredity of civilisation?

SOCIAL DEMOCRACY EXPLAINED. By John Spargo.

Mr. Spargo says: "This volume is an attempt to state in simple, popular and untechnical language the essentials of the Socialism of the Marxian school—not only of the philosophical and economic theories of Socialism, but of the principles underlying the policies of the Socialist movement.

SCIENCE

THE FLOWER AND THE BEE. By John H. Lovell.

A popular exposition, suitable to amateur gardeners, bee-keepers, and nature lovers, of the subject of pollination.

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THE FIELD BOOK OF INSECTS. By Frank E. Lutz.

An untechnical but scientifically accurate text, with "catch characters" rather than lengthy descriptions by which insects may be recognised.

POETRY

THE MELODY OF EARTH. Selected by Mrs. Waldo Richards.

An anthology of garden and nature poems from present-day poets.

ARDOURS AND ENDURANCES. By Robert Nichols.

Thrilling poetry of the war, by one who has been through its various experiences.

FROM THE FRONT—An Anthology of Trench Poetry. Compiled by Lieut. C. E. Andrews, U.S.A.

An anthology of poetry written by men actually in service.

TWENTY. By Stella Benson.

A first volume of verse, of interest because of the author's popular stories, *I Pose* and *This Is the End*.

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